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THE LATE N. P. WILLIS.
[Photographed by Rockwood & Co., Broadway, New York.]

DEATH OF N. P. WILLIS.

N. P. Willis, the poet, died at Idlewild, on the Hudson, on the sixtieth anniversary of his birthday (January 20). The brilliant qualities of his mind and the peculiar traits of his character gave him much distinction as a poet, editor, and essayist, and made him popular throughout the country. As a fluent and graceful discourser on the lighter topics of social interest he is admitted to have had few rivals. His poetry shows that he was not destitute of the deeper sentiment, for the exercise of which he had little use in the airy sketches which charm alike by the frivolity of their tone and the piquancy of their diction. He was never weary of his task, never at a loss for suggestive themes, never wanting in skill of adaptation, in curious surprises of expression, or in flowing wealth of original illustration. He devoted himself to his editorial duties with the care of a fond mother for her pet child.

Mr. Willis was a native of Maine, and was educated in Boston and at Yale College; but early came to this city, where he started, in 1828, the *American Monthly Magazine*. It was abandoned in 1830 for the *New York Mirror*, a weekly journal, principally edited by Geo. P. Morris; Mr. Willis journeyed through Europe and contributed sketches of his travel to the *Mirror*. These sketches subsequently swelled into several volumes of adventure. The *Mirror* lived until 1839, when it was superseded by the *Corsair*, which, in 1844, gave place to the *Evening Mirror*. This latter, in its turn, merged into the *Home Journal*, which paper Mr. Willis conducted to the day of his death.

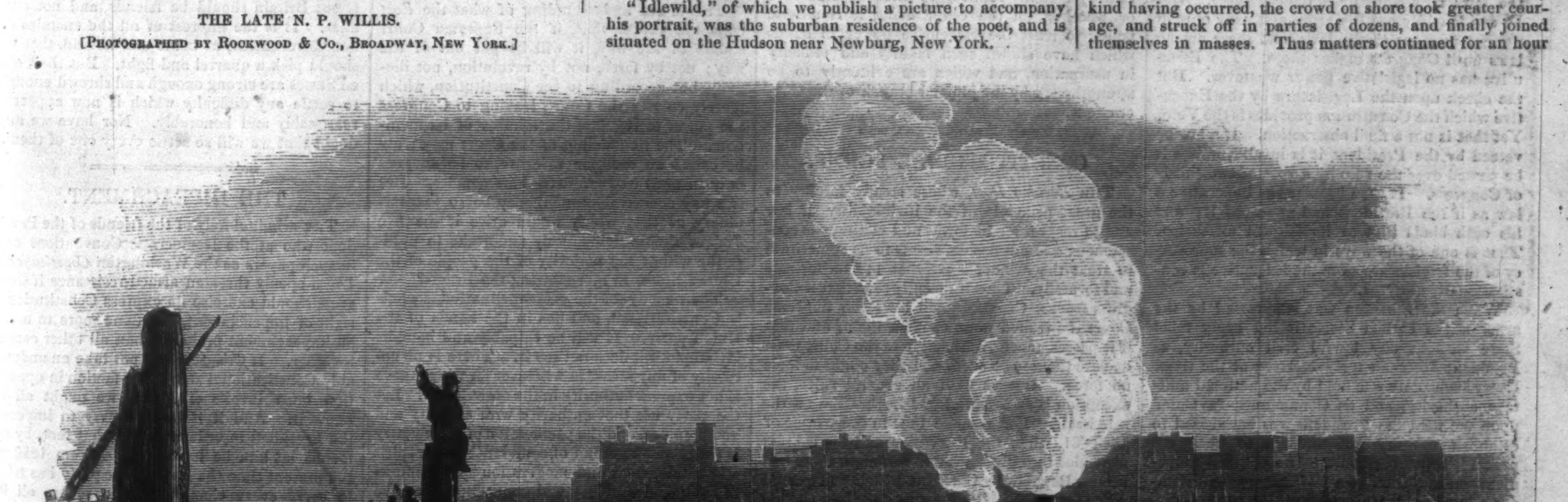
Mr. Willis was married in 1845 to Miss Cornelia Grinnell, daughter of Joseph Grinnell, of New Bedford, Massachusetts, who, with a daughter, survives him.

"Idlewild," of which we publish a picture to accompany his portrait, was the suburban residence of the poet, and is situated on the Hudson near Newburg, New York.

"IDLEWILD," RESIDENCE OF THE LATE N. P. WILLIS.

ICE BRIDGE OVER EAST RIVER.

East River was temporarily bridged by ice on the 23d of January, and several hundred persons crossed from either shore. During the day three different bridges were formed, a sketch of one of which we give on this page. This was first crossed by three men, who started from the foot of Peck Slip and moved cautiously toward the Brooklyn side. They did not go in a direct line, but made a detour in a southerly direction, and finally reached Deforest's wharf, a short distance from the Fulton Ferry-house in Brooklyn. This example was speedily followed by others. Among those who crossed were two ladies, Mrs. Henry Ward Beecher and Mrs. Moses S. Beach. No accident of any kind having occurred, the crowd on shore took greater courage, and struck off in parties of dozens, and finally joined themselves in masses. Thus matters continued for an hour



ICE BRIDGE ACROSS THE EAST RIVER—RESCUE OF PERSONS ON THE BROKEN ICE.

or more, when the Police, apprehending danger of the ice breaking up, exerted themselves in preventing further crossing. It was with no little difficulty, however, that the crowd could be prevailed upon to remain on *terra firma*.

As was anticipated, when the water had reached high tide, and began again to ebb, the vast field began to give signs of parting from the piers, which were followed in a few minutes thereafter by an actual onward movement. When the bridge broke away there were upon it about fifty people, some of them midway between the two shores; but with the assistance of helping hands, planks, ropes, and a tug-boat, all managed to get away in safety from their perilous position. As would naturally be supposed, the acme of the excitement was at the moment when the ice actually began to break. The scene on the New York side was one of tumult and confusion. Nothing could be heard but shrieks, screams, and shouts. On one of the pieces of detached ice were about sixty persons, for whose safety the most serious alarm was felt. All fears were allayed, however, at the sight of a half dozen tug-boats starting out to rescue the endangered party. Three of the number were taken off by one of the Fulton Ferry boats. Only one person is known to have perished.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1867.

USURPATION.

THERE are many persons who have a very confused notion of the "usurpation" which is charged upon the President, but a little reflection will enlighten them. The President, by the Constitution, is made a co-ordinate but not a co-equal branch of the Government. So, also, is the Supreme Court. But Congress, or the Legislative branch, is wisely made the chief and superior branch. The Executive and the Judiciary are "checks and balances" only. The Constitution, in giving Congress power to remove the President by impeachment, and to reorganize the Supreme Court by increasing the number of Judges, establishes the necessary final supremacy of the Legislature. To suppose three absolutely co-equal branches is to suppose three supreme departments of the Government, which is absurd. Under certain careful reservations, therefore, the Legislature is, as in the nature of a popular system it should be, constitutionally supreme.

The President is the Executive. He is the hand of the Government. His function is to execute the laws which are enacted by Congress. He is therefore made Commander of the army and navy, because the execution of the laws may sometimes require force. But he can lawfully use the army and navy only in the enforcement of the laws, and there are no laws until Congress makes them. The Executive has no legislative power whatever. But the check upon the Legislature by the Executive which the Constitution provides is the Veto. Yet that is not a final obstruction. If a law be vetoed by the President it is invalid, unless it be passed over the veto by a vote of two-thirds of Congress. It then becomes as imperative a law as if the President had approved it; and his oath binds him to its faithful execution. That is one of the ways in which the supremacy of the Legislature over the Executive is constitutionally asserted.

When the rebellion was suppressed by the arms of the United States it left every rebel State without any lawful civil authority, as President JOHNSON truly declared at the time. Every such State was held by the national military authority, and as Commander-in-Chief upon the field the President was authorized to establish military governments to keep the peace. But there could be no political movement, no initiation of a civil government without a law of the United States, and the Legislature or Congress alone was constitutionally competent to pass such a law. By disregarding this fact, by initiating civil governments upon his own responsibility and without the least reference to Congress, and then insisting that such governments were as valid as those of Ohio or New York, the President indisputably usurped the function of Congress, and neither he nor any of his adherents have ever been able to show the slightest constitutional authority for his action. This is the plain usurpation of the President. He had no more authority to reorganize the rebel States of his own motion than he would have had for issuing an edict from the White House, removing the Governor of New Jersey, and claiming for it the force and sanctity of law.

But he did this twenty months ago, we are told, and why do we now first hear of usurpation? We do not now hear of it for the first time. It was as clear then as it is now. But the express terms of the President's proclamations and the words of his first Message in December, 1865, by which he referred the whole subject to Congress, and his declarations that he regarded his action as experimental, persuaded the country that his proceedings were merely provisional, and were taken from the necessity of immediate action and from considerations of public safety. If the President had said in his proclamations that when any State had conformed to the terms he imposed it should be at once by that fact restored to all its functions in the Union, the very first act of the present Congress would doubtless have been his impeachment.

Moreover, when his usurpation began it was regarded not only in the light of his own declaration that it was a provisional, experimental movement, arising from the public situation, like a sudden suspension of the *habeas corpus*, and like that wholly referable to the ratification of Congress, but it was viewed also from the point of his conduct through the war and his speeches upon his accession to the Presidency. In a word, the same confidence which the country had reposed in the occasional arbitrary acts of Mr. LINCOLN—a confidence founded in entire faith in his patriotic loyalty—was naturally transferred to his successor, elected with him, and called suddenly to deal with an utterly unprecedented emergency. And the usurpation would have been as heartily condoned by the country, as Mr. LINCOLN'S acts always were, had the President himself morally justified his course by showing Mr. LINCOLN'S simple fidelity.

But when the deplorable consequences of the President's course were gradually revealed—when the country saw that the President actually denied to Congress a legislative function which he had not hesitated himself to assume; that, not content with so startling a position, he fiercely denounced Congress as an unlawful and impertinent body; that his action had placed the government of the lately rebel States wholly in the hands of enemies of the Government, leaving Union men of every color to their mercies; that he opposed every measure of Congress intended to secure the just and necessary results of the war; and that the whole mass of those who had been in open or covert hostility to the Union and the principles of equal liberty were suddenly changed from his foulest detractors into his most unwavering and menacing supporters—then those who would willingly have forgiven the assumption of power, had it been directed, as they supposed it would be, to the pacification of our troubles, saw the Presidential conduct in its true light as nothing less than usurpation.

That it was begun with the deliberate intention of overthrowing the Government is not clear; but that its chief danger, the sudden restoration of the late rebel States without the least security to the Union, has been averted, is very evident. Yet the question still remains, and it is the question which the country is now pondering, whether impeachment is a wise policy until the President is shown to be willfully persisting in the attempt to establish his usurpation by actually refusing to execute the laws; or whether, on the other hand, it is a wise policy to trust the Executive power in hands which have shown such facility and tenacity in usurpation, and which are evidently to be strengthened by the judicial branch of the Government.

CONSTITUTIONAL FORMS.

THE *Evening Post*, whose steady fidelity to the great principle of the inviolability of law and of respect for its forms and methods is conspicuous and admirable, seems to us sometimes to treat the subject somewhat too technically and formally. Thus it recently said that if Congress frames Constitutional laws the Supreme Court if invoked must confirm them, and that if it passes unconstitutional laws the Court must declare them to be such, and they ought to have no force. But as with all general rules, the exception is as essential and imperative as the rule itself. For suppose that in the winter of 1860-'61, when the Executive and his cabinet were plotting or assenting to disunion, there had been a Republican Congress which had passed a law for the raising of troops and the coercion of the seceding States, a case would instantly have been made for Judge TANEY and his Court. They would have decided the law to be unconstitutional. The President would have refused to execute it, and we should have been ruined under the verbal forms of the Constitution. The letter would have killed us while the immortal spirit shone as clearly as ever.

Regulated and lawful liberty in this country and in England dates from the Long Parliament. Yet one of the chief and most essential acts of that Parliament was the trial and execution of STRAFFORD—essential, because STRAFFORD would have been so able and subtle an enemy when the inevitable war began. Now STRAFFORD was punished by an *ex post facto* law, and HALLAM, the most judicious and moderate and cautious of historians, fully justifies the act. This is but one illustration. Still more striking was the next great step, the binding of the King by treaty and statute. Parliament deprived him of the command of the army. It was unprecedented. It was certainly without technical Constitutional warrant. What was the argument of the Parliament? Let MACAULAY answer—the profoundest student of that period of English history—"It was now absolutely necessary to violate the formal part of the Constitution in order to preserve its spirit." But the work of the Long Parliament in saving liberty threatened to be entirely undone by the reaction under CHARLES II. and JAMES. What overcame that reaction and rescued English liberty? Nothing but a similar violation of the literal form of the Constitution to save its spirit. The succession was changed and a new sovereign enthroned while the undoubted hereditary king was still living.

These are undoubtedly extreme cases. They are cases of a nation undergoing a revolution. But they show indisputably what reason suggests—that in revolutionary times a nation must confide more in the substance than in the form, and rigorously read the letter in the light of the spirit. That is what we did through the war. That was the inspiration of the act of emancipation, and of the military trials, and of the summary arrests. It is a simple necessity of human society. The hope of the rebellion was that the people would not dare to do that very thing; for, if the nation remained content with formality and technicality, the rebels felt that they had a fair chance in the argument.

Now certainly a similar discretion must be reserved to a nation just emerging from so tremendous and radical a conflict as ours, and addressing itself to the security of the results obtained. Nor would there be any difficulty if the assumption of the *Post* were correct that every law conceived in the spirit of the Constitution, and not hostile to its letter, would be declared constitutional by the Supreme Court. But it is not correct. The purely unpolitical character of the Court is a theory merely. Like the rest of us, the judges interpret the Constitution more or less in the light of their political convictions. Would the *Post* trust the final decision upon the laws of reconstruction which a Union Congress might pass to a Supreme Bench of TANEYS? We are sure it would not. The peril would be too plain and prodigious. Suppose, then, that the very plan of reconstruction recommended by the *Post*, with which we heartily agree, should be adopted by Congress in the form of a law summoning *all* the people in any unorganized State to take part in the election for a Convention, does the *Post* imagine that the Supreme Court would declare it to be Constitutional? And if it called it unconstitutional, would the *Post* say that "of course it ought to have no force?" Would not this be putting the whole settlement of the war into the hands of five reactionary men? And is it conceivable that either the spirit of the Constitution, the liberties of the people, or the national peace could be preserved by such a course? Does the *Post* think it would be invoking anarchy if we should say that it would be better to reorganize the Court altogether than to attempt to acquiesce in such a decision, which could only plunge us into incalculable confusion and disaster?

This is our understanding of what the *Post* calls the threat that, if the Supreme Court stands in the way, it will be put out of the way; not by force, not by revolution, not illegally, but according to the Constitution, which merely creates the Court, leaving to Congress the power to regulate the number of its members. The remodeling of the Court may truly be called an extreme measure, to be adopted only in most extraordinary emergencies. But can any conceivable emergency be so extraordinary as that which would arise if the five Judges should deliberately undertake to nullify the will of the majority of the people of the United States in reorganizing the Union?

The remedy for the present situation is wholly Constitutional, and lies in the hands of the Union party. It will be culpably and incredibly stupid if it does not see it. There is no necessity of any measure whatever for which there is not express authority in the organic law. Let the party use that authority with sagacity and good temper, and the pacification of the country is sure. The ground of confidence is the spirit and intelligence and moderation and firmness of the people. They will unquestionably have their way, and without disaster to the fundamental guarantees of liberty.

LORD STANLEY'S OFFER.

THE London *Times* can always talk sensibly when it suits its purpose, and truth does not cease to be true because the *Times* speaks it. In a recent long and really friendly article upon the *Alabama* claims it expresses its pleasure that Lord STANLEY has offered to refer the question in dispute to arbitration. It concedes that Lord RUSSELL'S conduct was "ungracious" and "unpalatable," but thinks that upon the mere ground of precedent upon which his correspondence with Mr. ADAMS proceeded Lord RUSSELL had perhaps the advantage, as a signal American precedent was in his favor. The *Times*, however, plainly calls Lord RUSSELL'S conduct in curtly refusing arbitration "an error," and adds: "An error it was, as we have more than once pointed out, not only in policy, but on principles of reason and right." It was "a false step that Lord STANLEY was bound to retrace without needless delay, and without unworthy reservations." And, finally, the *Times* truly says: "Englishmen did not suspect America of cowardice when, in deference to the clear rules of maritime law, she gave up the prisoners wrongfully captured on board the *Trent*; and Americans of sense will not suspect England of cowardice because, in deference to equally clear dictates of international morality, she retires from an untenable position."

These are manly words. It is indeed the interest of England to settle the difficulty. As the case now stands, if she should be involved in war, her commerce would be swept from the sea by her own precedents. There are many Americans who could cheerfully resign themselves to such a result; but would it be really desirable for the United States any more than for England? Shall our statesmanship consult our national passions merely, or the great and permanent interests of the country and of mankind? Is the preference of an honorable and friendly settlement of a disputed international question to a childish delight in revenge and injury so very visionary a virtue? The loftiest principles of international comity have been always asserted and practiced by the United States. From the height of those principles they protested against the collusion of the British Government with knavish offenders against British law as well as international usage. They protested in vain and suffered grievously by British hostility. Their claim for redress was rejected. Their offer of arbitration was refused. And if then the United States had declared war they would have been fully justified by the ordinary customs of nations. But they did not declare war. They waited, and now the British Government, repenting of its error, proposes to accept the original suggestion of the United States. Without a declaration of war, by the mere contemplation of the inevitable results of war, smitten by the terrible eloquence of those silent claims, which if not settled must inevitably settle themselves, the Government of Great Britain asks us to do what is now as just and honorable as when we first proposed it.

It is another golden chapter in the history of American international comity. It is a vindication of the essential justice of our principles. The London *Times* confesses that England was in the wrong. "There is nothing half so undignified as being in the wrong, nor was there any means of placing us in the right except by assuming the initiative, and inviting the United States to meet us half-way." We hope there is no question that we shall do so, and in the most friendly manner. The theory that nations must of necessity be enemies is as foolish as HOBBES'S fancy that men are naturally so. To treat a man with suspicion is sure to make him act suspiciously. To show that you mean only what is fair is the surest means of securing fair treatment. If the business of diplomacy be merely to outwit a fellow-negotiator, state-craft is as contemptible now as it appears in the most wretched epochs. It is the interest of mankind that the United States and Great Britain should be friends, and not enemies. It is the interest of all the enemies of our Government, at home and abroad, that we should pick a quarrel and fight. But the United States are strong enough and shrewd enough to settle any difficulty which is now apparent reasonably and honorably. Nor have we any doubt that we will so settle every one of them.

THE IMPEACHMENT.

THE criminal folly of the friends of the President who at the Democratic Conventions and in such papers as the Washington *Constitutional Union* openly threaten armed resistance if Congress should exercise its express Constitutional right of impeachment, has done more to make an impeachment probable than all other causes together. If Congress can not take an undeniably Constitutional step but a faction in opposition must invoke civil war, we ought all to know it. And if it be necessary to impeach the President in order to prove that fact, by all means let him be impeached. From 1860 to the present time the Democratic party has tried to carry every election and to secure all its measures by a threat of civil war. JOHN VAN BUREN at the Cooper Institute, in 1862, and JAMES BROOKS at New Haven, and EDMUND BURKE (Phœbus Apollo!) at Concord, in 1867, resort to the same menace. It should not be disregarded. Such men should be taught, whenever they invite the issue, that the people of the United States are not yet Mexicanized, and that they intend to settle all questions by peaceful methods until they are openly opposed, and will then forcibly overcome the opposition that peaceful methods may be resumed.

If the evidence laid before the Judiciary Committee shall show that the President has unquestionably attempted to subvert the Government, directly or indirectly, by usurpation or by corruption, or by inaction, he will be impeached and tried, and if convicted he will be removed from office. And whoever undertakes to resist by arms the process or the decision will fare as other rebels have lately fared. It is one of those great and grave measures which only an extraordinary public emergency can justify. It is indeed strictly Constitutional, as the war-power is Constitutional. If the Constitutional authority be offensively denied, the country may demand that the issue be raised. But no sensible man can be indifferent to the importance of such action, and will therefore neither passionately nor flippantly invoke it.

This is undoubtedly the attitude of the coun-

try at this moment. Nothing will change it but the continuous folly of the President's party. If they and he are wise, they will patiently await the action of the Committee. If the Committee report that ample grounds for impeachment exist, and state their nature so that the country can clearly comprehend them, the President, if wisely advised, will abide by the Constitution and the methods it prescribes. That, and that only, will be proof to the country that he sincerely believes in the justice of his position. That, and that only, will incline the country to judge dispassionately the evidence and the defense. Mad and reckless as his words and measures have been, fatally encouraging to the rebellious spirit, and destructive of the hopes of loyal and humane citizens, his acts are not of necessity to be interpreted as conceived with an intent of overthrowing the Government. An obstacle to the loyal and generous purpose of the country he plainly is; but not an obstacle, obviously, to be removed by impeachment. But the moment he resists a simple Constitutional process, that moment he judges himself.

If the Judiciary Committee shall be satisfied that the laws of Congress passed over the President's veto are made inoperative by his inaction, and that in consequence of that inaction the condition of loyal men in the late rebel States is intolerable, upon what ground can any body ask the country to wait two years before such wrongs are remedied? If that shall be made plain the impeachment will be carried and unanimously supported by the country. But if, as the President and the Secretary of State declare, the laws passed over the veto are faithfully executed, although, of course, not with the hearty co-operation of approval, then the impeachment will not hold. This seems to us to be the substantial point; and we can know the truth not by the rhetoric of partisans, but by actual evidence. For that, as we have already said, we must wait. Nor can any of us tell whether the President ought to be impeached until the grounds of the charges are revealed in detail.

THE PERILS OF TRAVEL ON THE SOUND.

WE are accustomed to take pride in intrusting the public service as much as possible to private enterprise and in forbidding the Government to interfere. We smile loftily at the "paternal governments" that supervise steamboats, and run railroads, and make their finger felt every where. But if private enterprise can not secure human life more surely than it does in this country, the people, who are the government, will be wise if they provide by law for their own safety. The annual death list by accidents of travel in this country is appalling; and there is scarcely a serious disaster by rail or boat during the last six months which may not be traced directly to the culpable carelessness of the management.

The latest instance is the wreck of the Sound steamer *Commodore*, by which fortunately no lives were lost. We said at the time that the boat was probably unseaworthy, and that it was most imprudent to allow her to leave in such weather. A gentleman whose business carries him constantly upon the boats through the Sound, who makes more than a hundred passages in a year, tells us that about a week before the *Commodore* was lost, the mate of the steamer upon which he was coming to the city said, as they passed the *Commodore*, that she was a dangerous old tub, upon which he had lately seen the rotten wood actually shoveled out, but that the Company would run her until she met a gale, when she would go down. The mate's prophecy was fulfilled to the letter.

Mr. MEW, the Treasury Inspector, has now made his report upon the circumstances of the loss. He says that the *Commodore* was eighteen years old, and had been condemned, but was subsequently refitted. At the time of the wreck the crew were inadequate to the emergency, and unacquainted with the management of boats, and the officers disregarded the warnings of the barometer. His report declares that the *Commodore* was lost from her unfitness to stand a gale, and from the indiscretion of the Captain in taking her to sea, and then, in not making a harbor, and asserts that the owners are liable for navigating her without a certificate.

What follows upon these reports of the Treasury Inspector we could never very clearly see. Almost without exception they allege criminal carelessness; but we do not remember that any person or company has been made to pay any penalty. But the public may make its own comment. This is the kind of care which is taken upon one of the most thronged routes of travel in the country; and when the *Commodore* had met the fate which every body who knew her predicted, her place was supplied by the *State of Maine*, another venerable hulk which is justly liable to the most damaging suspicion, for the simple reason that she is run by a Company, which, if such private comment as we have quoted and the official report of the Treasury Inspector may be believed, is totally unfit to be trusted with the care of human life. The gentleman of whom we have spoken as a constant traveler informs us that nothing is more common than to see the sparks from the pipes of the deck passengers flying among the most inflammable freight; and says that, upon a recent passage, he saw groups of smokers scattering sparks among the cotton bales from which the cotton protruded. His desperate conviction is, that nothing will be done until there is some frightful catastrophe, and then every body will exclaim with horror, and remember that they always saw the danger and were sure of some awful event.

The remedy lies first of all with the public. Let passengers observe the management of the boats. Let the authorities learn that they carry every day a Committee of Vigilance, who will rigorously report the dangers and the follies of the passage, and there will be a change. Then for all loss and injury let the law be steadily invoked, and the pressure of pecuniary damages to pay and of public censure to encounter will occasion some reform. But as long as the public behaves like a sheep, it may be very sure that every Company will behave like a wolf.

CONSUMPTION.

THIS disease causes about one-sixth or one-seventh of all the deaths north of the tropics. The proportion in Boston and New York is a little less than one-fifth, and in Philadelphia and Baltimore a little less than one-sixth. With such an enormous mortality this may well be singled out from all maladies as the grand scourge of all cold and temperate climates.

Can any thing be done to diminish this mortality? Let us see.

There is one general fact in the prevalence of this disease which stands out prominently, and which, duly considered, is a key to measures of prevention capable of lessening vastly its ravages. It is the fact that *very many more females die of consumption than males*—in the experience of some physicians twice as many. The statistics of hospitals often seem to contradict this, for there are generally more male than female inmates laboring under this disease. But it is to be remembered that, on the whole, in any sickness, more males than females are compelled by their circumstances to resort to the conveniences and care of the hospital. We can ascertain the proportions of the sick, then, only from the records of private practice; and these, so far as they have been examined, are very decisive on the point in question.

In the observations on this point there has come out one significant fact which indicates very distinctly some of the measures of prevention. It is this: In families where the disease—or rather, a tendency to it—is inherited, the female members are more apt to die of it than the male. We have known some instances in which all the males escaped, while the females died. Why this difference? It can not be in the inheritance. A better constitution could not have been inherited by the one sex than by the other. The difference then must have been in the habits and circumstances of life.

If, then, we observe what this difference is, we shall discover what are the chief means of counteracting the tendency to consumption, whether it be inherited or generated in the individual.

There are two things in which the circumstances of the two sexes differ. One of these is the amount of exercise in the open air. After the first few years of childhood there is a marked difference in this respect, becoming greater and greater with the advance to maturity. The school-girl seldom takes any exercise that reddens the face, starts the perspiration, and puts the heart in strong action. But the boy does this as a matter of everyday habit. The result in him is vigor of constitution, counteracting any tendency to consumption and other kindred diseases that he may have inherited. On the contrary, in the girl there are laxness and feebleness of structure, favoring the development of the latent morbid tendencies which may have been born with her, or engendering them in a constitution originally vigorous, and therefore well fortified against disease.

Consumption is pre-eminently a disease of debility, and hence the great importance of measures for imparting vigor either in its prevention or its cure. It is in vain to try to cast off either the disease or the tendency to it by vaunted cures and preventives, to the neglect of these measures, as is so often done.

We sometimes have an opportunity of seeing in a very striking manner the influence of outdoor exercise in renovating the system, and thus destroying diseased tendencies. Here is a case as an example: A young lady, who had superior scholarly attainments, at the expense of health, from neglect of exercise in the open air, consulted a physician who was in the habit of thinking that his vocation extended beyond the administration of drugs, and included properly the control of all the circumstances of his patients. Giving her but little medicine, he enjoined an entire change of the habits, confining her to two studies—one of which was to botany, and this was to be pursued very largely in the open air. There was such an entire change from the long-continued sedentary habits in this case, that in less than a year she walked in one day over twenty miles, and with this change there was a perfect deliverance from the old morbid tendencies which her over-confinement to study had induced.

The other circumstance in which there is a great difference is the mode of dress. In the stronger sex this is such, for the most part, as will allow the freedom which nature provides for the organs. Not so with the female where Fashion bears rule—and where does she not? Restrictions are put upon freedom of movement in various ways, thus tending to prevent exercise from being taken in sufficient amount. The chief restriction is in the compression of the trunk of the body, bearing mostly upon the chest, so that while it impedes the general motions of the trunk, which nature designed to have so abundant and varied, it also prevents the lungs from having their required volume. It is in this last point that the principal mischief is done. There is a certain natural proportion between the lungs and other organs which is essential to health. But fashion undertakes to alter this by restricting the growth of the lungs for the purpose of making a small waist. To say nothing of the deformity thus produced (for thus we must consider it, unless we discard the Venus de Medicis as our type of beauty of form), the result is inevitably debility and disease. It is not so much that the lungs themselves are thus rendered liable to disease, though this liability is thus created. The great damage that is done is in the failure of the crippled lungs to do their duty to the system. With the chest so compressed there is not room enough for all the air that is needed to act on the blood brought to the lungs to be revivified by it. This failure in their function, seen especially in the embarrassed respiration when extra exercise stimulates the heart to send the blood more rapidly than usual through the lungs, but really experienced continuously, is all the while bringing down the standard of healthy vigor, and so preparing the way for consumption and other kindred diseases.

In three ways, then, does this compression tend to produce consumption—by preventing the lungs from fully fitting the blood passing through them for the nutrition of the system, by impeding freedom of exercise, and by rendering the lungs themselves liable to disease. The first two are really the most important, for consumption is rather a malady of the system than of the lungs, and is therefore induced more by general than local causes.

The fact that exercise in the open air is of such vast importance as a measure for the prevention of this disease should be taken very largely into account by those who have any tendency to it in choosing their employment for life. Many very sad mistakes are continually made on this point.

In conclusion, we would say that there is no disease in which a proper use of preventive measures can effect such signal triumphs as in this. *The mortality by it can be greatly lessened.* And yet how large a proportion of its victims have neglected to use the obvious and effectual preventives, and are now vainly trying the round of boasting consumption-curers!

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

THE Tariff bill has been a principal object of interest in the Senate debates of the week. Its discussion, begun on January 22, has been continued from day to day. Various important amendments have been made. The new tariff is to go into effect on April 1. The importation of fire-works is prohibited. The duty on asphaltum and bitumen is raised to $5 per ton; that on iron machinery to 50 per cent. ad valorem; that on copper ore to 3 cents per pound; and the duties on zinc paint and zinc sheets to 3 and 3½ cents per pound. The duty on bituminous coal is largely increased—from 50 cents to $1 50 per ton, although the first provision had proved sufficiently protective.

The House was the scene of exciting "filibustering" movements on the part of the Democrats on January 22 and 23, to prevent a vote on the bill of the Judiciary Committee prescribing a test oath for public officers, lawyers, etc.; and after a long siege it was passed. It is designed to meet the point made in the recent decision of the Supreme Court, that a Presidential pardon enabled rebels to practice in the United States, and did away with all the laws enacted by Congress on the subject; and to assert the right of Congress to declare what offenses make men ineligible to administer the laws. It establishes a distinction between the power to remit a penalty and the power to reinstate in privileges—a distinction not admitted in the decision of the Supreme Court. Mr. Johnson, by the ruling of this bill, may pardon a rebel, but can not make him a United States officer against the laws of the country. The bill is intended as a bar to Executive usurpations of the Constitutional powers of Congress.

The Post-office appropriation bill was passed by the House on January 23.

The House bill, amending the Habeas Corpus Act, was passed by the Senate on January 25, and with the approval of the President will become the law. It is intended to protect military officers who made arrests during the war from prosecution under the civil laws.

An important bill came up in the House on January 25. It was for the relief of Josiah O. Ames, appropriating $9500 to pay for the house and buildings burned at Anandale, Virginia, for military purposes, and elicited considerable lively discussion. Mr. Morrill said the passage of this bill would be a precedent for the allowance of claims that would amount to $1,000,000,000. Mr. Delano, Chairman of the Committee on Claims, thought that $2,000,000,000 would not be too high an estimate. The bill was passed by 99 yeas to 27 nays.

The bill to punish counterfeiting of the national currency and public securities passed both Houses, and goes to the President.

The President vetoed the Colorado bill on January 29. The Senate had taken no action upon it up to the time our record closed.

Mr. Stevens's Reconstruction bill was, after a sharp debate in the House on January 28, finally referred to the Reconstruction Committee.

THE LEGISLATURE.

In the New York Assembly on January 22 resolutions were adopted providing for the investigation of the inconveniences attending the passage of the East and North rivers by the ferry-boats, and to report a bill compelling the ferry companies to afford better security and protection to the public. The bill extending the time for the collection of taxes to the 18th of April was passed in both Houses.

The Committee on Piers and Wharves have recommended the widening of the streets of New York city which lie along the water's edge, and the appointment of a Special Board to control New York harbor.

The bill to amend the Brooklyn Water Act was passed by the Senate on January 24.

The Senate found Judge Smith, of Oneida County, guilty of three specifications of the charges against him; and his removal was ordered.

A bill making general throughout the State the provisions of the New York Excise Law has been introduced in the Senate, and will probably pass.

NEWS ITEMS.

All the Senators elected since our last report are strong Republicans. Frederick T. Frelinghuysen was elected for New Jersey on January 22, by a vote of 44 to 32. Timothy O. Howe was re-elected by the Wisconsin Legislature; and Senator Pomeroy by the Upper House of the Kansas Legislature, the Lower House refusing to go into an election for the long term. Governor Morton was elected Senator by the Indiana Legislature.

Four thousand nine hundred and fifty-six emigrants landed at New York between Jan. 1 and Jan. 20, 1867.

The Wisconsin Legislature, by a vote of 21 to 11 in the Senate, and 75 to 21 in the Assembly, has condemned the course of Senator Doolittle, and instructed him to resign.

General Philip Sheridan, in interfering with the obsequies to the rebel General A. S. Johnston, said "he had too much regard for the memory of the brave men who died to preserve our Government to authorize Confederate demonstrations over the remains of any one who attempted to destroy it."

Thomas Swann was elected Senator by the Maryland Legislature on January 25.

We noticed in our previous issue the murder of State Senator Case, of Tennessee. It now appears that the assassin was a ruffian named Frank Farris, who had previously murdered Deputy-Sheriff Kinman, of Obion County. On the day after the murder of Mr. Case he killed another Deputy-Sheriff, Roland Green, making three men whom he had assassinated in three days. The rebel citizens make no effort to arrest the guerrilla.

Bills were passed in the Lower House of the Tennessee Legislature, on January 23, organizing loyal militia of white and colored men in the State, and striking the word "white" from the franchise law.

Wendell Phillips delivered a speech before the Federal Committee of the Massachusetts Legislature, on January 23, against the ratification of the Constitutional Amendment by Massachusetts.

The Canadian Council, in session on January 25, determined to pay all claims for damage by the Fenian invasion, and present the bill to the United States Government for payment. Cool!

A collision occurred on the Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad on January 25, by which the engineer was killed, and five other persons were seriously and several slightly injured.

The State law permitting the sale of negroes into slavery for crime has been abolished by the Maryland Legislature.

A Captain Tremble, formerly an officer of an Illinois regiment, lately settled in Bowie County, Texas. His loyal conduct during the war and his loyal sentiments made him an object of hate to the Texas secessionists, and recently a mob of them shot at Tremble and wounded him. They subsequently threatened his life. Tremble then went to New Orleans and returned with twenty cavalry to remove his family. He found that his wife and child had been driven from home into Arkansas. The negroes on his place were manacled and driven through the streets in presence of the cavalry, who were forced to fall back before a mob of three hundred rebels. Mrs. Tremble died from ill-treatment. Captain Tremble lies at the point of death from wounds received from the chivalry.

An official letter from Florida says the Indians of Everglades, Florida, are determined to keep the negroes in their tribe as slaves, denying that white men's laws are applicable to them on the subject of slavery. The negroes claim their liberty, and have appealed to the military for assistance. It is feared there will be trouble in Florida touching this matter.

The body of the rebel General Johnston has been taken to Galveston for burial. General Griffin, commanding in that city, agreed to permit the burial to take place on condition that no organized associations should appear in the procession, and that there should be no music or tolling of bells. The authorities refused to consent to these conditions, and the body remained exposed for several days, all the stores being closed in honor of the deceased.

One half the town of Lagrange, Georgia, embracing all the business houses, was burned on January 24.

At meetings lately held at the Cooper Institute measures were taken to send relief to the destitute people of the South and the oppressed Christians in Candia.

Wall Street was lately excited over a tragedy of a painful character. Mr. Yelverton, President of the Bank of North America, certified checks of A. J. Meyer & Co., Broad Street brokers, to the amount of $250,000, on Wednesday, the firm having always honored their paper heretofore; but the day drew to a close, and it was stated that Meyer & Co. had been ruined by ventures in Pennsylvania stock. The anxiety produced by this state of affairs worked so severely upon the mind of Mr. Yelverton that he died on January 25 in a fit of apoplexy.

Two of the Common Council of Philadelphia, in imitation of the New York city fathers, have had a "rough-and-tumble fight" on the floor of the council-room, and the fun was only brought to a close by an adjournment and putting out the gas.

Trouble has occurred among the negroes in South Carolina, opposite Savannah, Georgia, two or three hundred of them being armed to resist ejectment from the plantations. A force of United States troops had arrived among them to preserve order.

The artists composing the "National Academy of Design" have, through Senator Morgan, presented a memorial to Congress asking the imposition of a specific duty of $100 on all oil paintings imported from aboard.

Congressman Samuel M'Kee, of Kentucky, while addressing a Sabbath-school in Washington city, on the 13th of January, alluded kindly to the progress and condition of a neighboring colored Sabbath-school, and got hissed for his philanthropy.

With all that has been said about the indolence and worthlessness of the negroes, there are only two freedmen drawing rations in Nashville, Tennessee. Where one colored person applies to the Bureau or city authorities for relief, there are at least half-a-dozen indigent whites who are to be seen on the same mission.

In the Kentucky Senate, on January 17, Mr. Helm made a speech in favor of raising ten regiments of Kentucky Infantry to resist aggression and maintain the principles of State Rights; the troops to be at any time subject to the call of the President.

The net earnings of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company have thus far exceeded the rate of twenty-five per cent. per annum, and a dividend of ten per cent. "on account" will soon be paid out of the proceeds of the first six months' business.

Judge Whiting, who has the contract for cleaning the streets of New York, is said to have discovered that it can not be done for the sum which he receives. The causes are that there are three feet of snow in the streets, and forty idle pensioners drawing fifteen hundred dollars a year to be paid.

Forty United States troops, stationed at Jackson, Texas, have been attacked and killed by Indians.

The main street of Helena, Arkansas, was carried away by the Mississippi River on January 19.

General Rousseau or Lieutenant-Governor Jacobs are now the prominent candidates for the Kentucky Senatorship.

James Gordon Bennett, Jun., lately tendered his yacht, *Henrietta*, to Prince Alfred as a present; but the Prince declined.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE ex-rebel American steamer *Rappahannock* has been awarded to the United States by the Admiralty Court, London.

Details of the *coup d'etat* at Madrid, Spain, show that great and unnecessary cruelty was practiced against the chiefs of the Liberal party.

A plan, originating in Germany, for the partition of the Turkish Empire and the obliteration of the Porte Government is being seriously considered in Prussia, Russia, and Austria.

Formidable bread riots occurred at Greenwich, England, on January 24.

POPE PIUS IX.

EXPULSION OF PROTESTANT WORSHIP FROM ROME.

JUST now the attention of the American people has been especially directed to the Pope by his denial of the right of worship to American Protestants in Rome. English and Scotch Protestants are included under the same ban, and are only permitted the grace henceforth to assemble for the worship of God outside the walls of the city. As it was the only Government in the world to recognize the Southern Confederacy, so now the Papal Government is the only one which denies the right of worship to American Protestants in Rome This new pretension of the Pope is as ludicrous as it is against all the rules of international comity. Following directly upon the French evacuation, this dictate of the Pope is virtually a confession that the toleration hitherto enjoyed by Protestants in Rome has been due not to the liberal intentions of the Papacy, but to the Pope's wholesome awe of French bayonets. In this light it is at the same time an act of confessed cowardice and an insult to America and England, the two chief Protestant nations of the world. Though it seems hardly worth while to quarrel with the Papacy upon the eve of its extinction from among temporal powers, and though this extraordinary assumption of despotic might on the part of petticoated priests, under the direction of a Pope, in the last and weakest stage of his power, rather excites a smile of contemptuous pity, there is still room left for indignation, and we hope our Minister will not be backward in the assertion of our national dignity. If hitherto our religious liberty at Rome has been protected only by French soldiery, it is now worth while to show that we are able to take care of it ourselves.

POPE PIUS THE NINTH.

Pope PIUS IX., the pretended Vicegerent of CHRIST upon earth, was born in 1792. He is now, therefore, seventy-four years old. His original name was GIOVANNI M. PASTI FERRETTI. He was born of a noble family. If his destiny had depended upon the wishes of his friends rather than upon his own resolution, he would have belonged to the Army and not to the Church. After his priestly ordination he attended to his pastoral duties with exemplary devotion. He was intrusted with delicate and important missions by Popes PIUS VII. and LEO XII., receiving from the latter one of the principal ecclesiastico-civil departments of administration in Rome. When the cholera was raging in Naples in 1836 he was the apostolic nuncio in that city, and his name is still gratefully remembered by the poorer inhabitants for his disinterested efforts in their behalf. He was in 1840 created Cardinal Archbishop of Imola in Romagna, where great political disaffection existed, and where he displayed great liberality of sentiment. Upon the death of GREGORY XVI., June 1, 1846, Cardinal FERRETTI was elected to the Papacy under the name of PIUS IX. He was then fifty-four years old. The new Pope was very popular during the first two years of his administration. It appeared that he was about to reform the gigantic abuses of the Papal Government, and the enthusiasm of the Romans and of the entire Italian population was raised to the highest pitch.

But in 1848 the French Revolution introduced a new era in Italy as in all Europe. The reform of egregious and long-standing abuses was no longer satisfactory. There was an imperative demand for radical changes, moving toward popular systems of representative government. The Pope was strongly opposed to this new movement, and his popularity began to decline. The popular disaffection was soon increased by the Pope's taking for his minister Count ROSSI, one of the most unpopular and aristocratic men in Rome. So violent was the feeling of the people that the hated minister was assassinated, and the Pope himself obliged to make his escape in disguise from Rome, followed by his Court.

For a year and a half the Pope was an exile from the "City of the Saints;" and the State Commission which he appointed was contemptuously ignored by the Roman Chambers, who appointed a Provisional Government in its place. Rome, in the mean while, was in the possession of native troops under GARIBALDI, and was besieged and captured by the French army under General OUDINOT. Covered by the thunder of French cannon, the Pope re-entered Rome on the 12th of April, 1850. Since that time, until within a few weeks, the Pope's temporal power in Rome has been maintained by the aid of French troops. It has been a power hated by the people, and now that these troops have left him, he has no protection, foreign or domestic, against the stormy elements which surround him on all sides. The chief ecclesiastical acts of the present Pope have been his formal definition of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception (December, 1854) and his Encyclical Letter of 1864, supported by his extraordinary pronunciamento of last year. These latter manifestoes have destroyed all hope of union between Liberal Catholicism and the Papacy.

King VICTOR EMANUEL in his late compromise with the Pope has disappointed the Italian people. The history of Italy is fast approaching its crisis. Already the Italian people are con-

THE POPE ORDERING OUR MINISTER, MR. KING, TO REMOVE AMERICAN PROTESTANT WORSHIP FROM ROME.

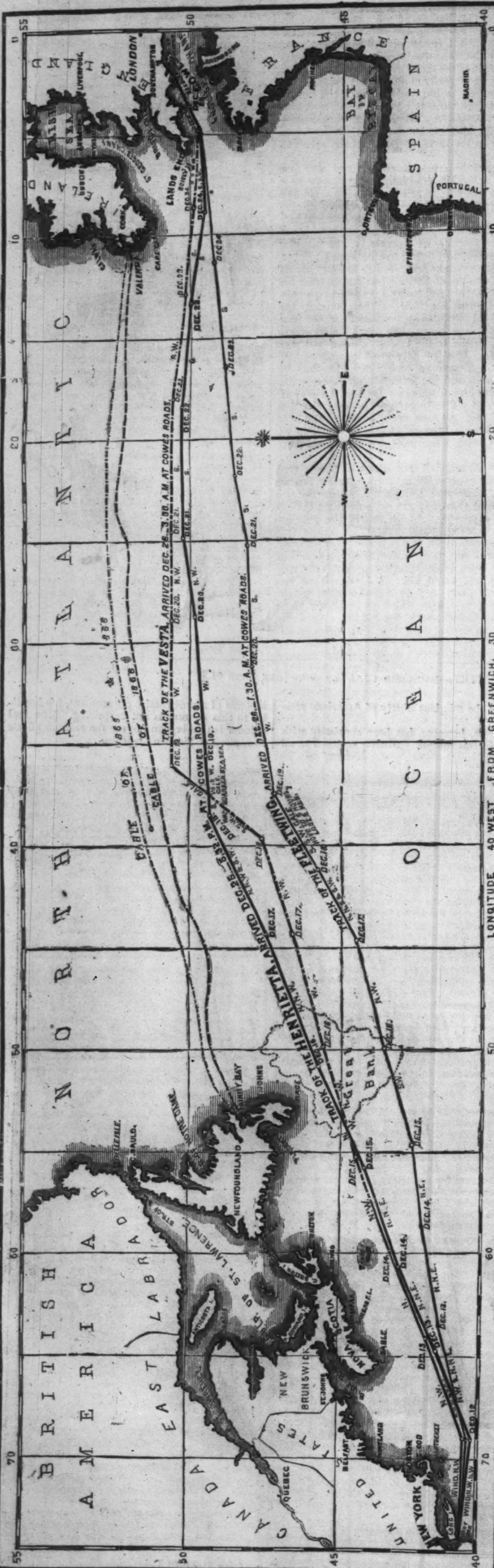
THE SNOW-STORM—OPENING BLOCKADED ROADS IN THE COUNTRY.—SKETCHED BY C. G. BUSH.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

sidering whether more has not been lost than gained by the monarchy, and movements are in progress which not only the Pope but VICTOR EMANUEL will do well to consider.

The expulsion of Protestant worship from Rome is a measure especially directed against this country. For, unlike England, we have at Rome a resident Minister, whose business it is to protect the religious liberty of American residents.

The Pope, however, has been consistent with himself in this matter. Bitterly opposed to all systems of representative government, his hostility to this country is not surprising. The real wonder is that he can not see the ruinous effects to himself of his own despotism.

THE SNOW-STORM—CARTING SNOW FROM THE STREETS OF NEW YORK.—SKETCHED BY STANLEY FOX.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



THE GREAT NAUTICAL TRIUMPHS OF 1866—CHART SHOWING THE LINES OF THE ATLANTIC CABLES AND ROUTES OF THE YACHTS IN THE LATE RACE.

AMERICAN NAUTICAL TRIUMPHS.

THE two great nautical performances of the year 1866—of the century, perhaps—were achieved through the energy and daring, and under the direction of Americans. We refer to the laying of the Atlantic Cable and the ocean yacht race between the yachts *Henrietta*, *Fleetwing*, and *Vesta*. The importance of these efforts, and the interest taken in them, has induced us to present a chart showing the routes of the cables of 1858 and 1866; and those of the contesting yachts in the late December race. This chart has been prepared by GEORGE W. BLUNT, 179 Water Street, from the North Atlantic chart of E. G. W. BLUNT, of whom copies can be obtained by all interested in the subject.

THE ATLANTIC CABLE.

It is well known that this great triumph of scientific skill, completed successfully in August, 1866, after nearly fifteen years' constant labor, resulted from the perseverance of CYRUS W. FIELD, an American, who steadfastly labored when others abandoned the enterprise in despair. Of the nature of this great triumph it is not necessary that we should speak, since the cable can and has talked enough of itself. One fact not generally known is, that through the circuit of 4000 miles the electric flash has been passed in $\frac{35}{100}$ of a second. Of the

OCEAN YACHT RACE

we propose to speak more fully, as of a performance unequaled for seamanship, navigation, and courage.

The seamanship necessary to race those yachts successfully needed to be of the very highest order. The continued strain on the rigging, spars, and sails, as shown in the distance run in one day, and the shortness of the passages of all the yachts, proves there must have been a constant painful tension of the minds of those who were to conduct the race.

The navigation was also skillfully conducted. The accuracy of the land-fall and the shortness of the distance run prove the facts that the *Henrietta* ran 3066 miles, the *Fleetwing* 3007 miles, and the *Vesta* 3064 miles; while the total distance between the two places on the arc of a great circle, which can not be sailed, as it runs over Nantucket and Cape Race, is 2977½ miles.

The following table shows the actual time made by the several yachts:

Left Sandy Hook December 11, at 1 o'clock P.M., and arrived off the Needles Light-house in the following order on the 25th and 26th December, viz.:

Henrietta	Dec. 25 @ 3.45 P.M.
Fleetwing	Dec. 26 @ 12 M.
Vesta	Dec. 26 @ 0.40 A.M.

The difference between Needles time and Sandy Hook or New York time is 4 hours, 49 minutes, 43 seconds, which is made up as follows:

Long. of Sandy Hook Light-house is	73° 59′ 8″	W.
Long. of Needles Light-house is....	1° 34′	W.
Difference......	72° 25′ 8″	
	h. m. sec.	
Which is equal to	4 49 43.8	P.M. in time.
Add time of starting ..	1	P.M.
Gives us........	5 49 43.8	P.M.

as the time the race began *in Needles time*.

This would give the following as the actual time of each yacht, viz.:

	days.	h.	m.	sec.
Henrietta	13	21	55	16.2
Fleetwing	14	6	10	16.2
Vesta	14	6	50	16.2

In this contest of nautical skill our country may feel proud. All engaged did admirably; and we may say, "Glory to the victor! honor to the beaten!"

A CLEAR CASE OF LUCK.

"A GOOD many singular things happened during the war," said John, as he lighted his after-dinner cigar; "but somehow I consider my own case about the funniest thing of all."

"Ah!" said I, "how is that?"

"Did it never occur to you that it was a little odd that in so short a time I should have got to be a partner in the firm, and a married man, and all that sort of thing?"

"Oh! you speculated."

"Not a bit of it; or, rather, I did, and I didn't; for you know I detest speculation. I've even made old Mitraille swear off."

"So far it's all very clear; but if you *have* secured a French wife, and a rich one, I *could* understand a little plain English."

Before I went to the war John Develin and I had been fellow-clerks in the banking house of Mitraille & Co., in New York. A slight lameness prevented John from going into the army; and an utter absence of capital prevented him from proposing for the hand of the pretty Lucille, though I always believed that he had more to fear from her gruff old papa than from the young lady herself.

Poor as he was, and on a moderate salary, when I returned at the end of the war—a good deal lamer than ever John had been before it—I found my chum in the full enjoyment of all his heart had longed for, and with a brown-stone front to enjoy it in. So, when he volunteered something which promised to explain the mystery my curiosity was on fire in a moment. John was a right good fellow, and I did not envy him a particle; but I must say that I was curious about it.

"Well," said John, "the way of it was this: Have another cigar? You know a good deal what I was after when you went away; and my chance of getting it then seemed about as far off as the Presidency. It was a clear case of luck, I tell you, and very little more. Old Mitraille always liked me pretty well, though I was hardly the man he would have chosen for a son-in-law; and I kept his private books, you know. You know all about that unbounded gold speculation in 1862 and 1863; well, he had somehow got into it, steady, old, hard-headed banker as he is. Almost every body went in more or less.

The old man had rather missed it once or twice, and got hit pretty hard, though no one but myself knew any thing about it—so hard, in fact, that I was more than a little alarmed for the result.

I got it into my head about that time that I would like to run down to Washington and take a look at the forts and camps. Somehow it always galled me a good deal that I could not take my part with the rest, and I wanted to have a look at the thing any how. So I called at the house to see Lucille and get a short furlough, and I succeeded surprisingly well. That is, I didn't see as much of Lucille as I wanted, but the old gentleman gave me leave of absence readily, and added:

"Suppose something may happen, somewhat, whiles you are dare, eh? You send me a telegram, quick?"

"Yes," I replied, "but you know the War Department don't allow a fellow to send over the wires just what he wants to."

"Oh, never mind all dat," said Mitraille, "just you send somethings good or bad, no matter just de words. I understand mighty quick, ha! ha! Never you mind de War Department."

"And so," continued John, "off I went, without a very clear idea of what was expected, or how I was to do it."

And now the rest of it sounds tremendously like a page from Munchausen, but it's all a clear historical fact. Mitraille wrote a letter which got to Washington about as soon as I did, urging me to keep my ears and eyes open, and promising that if I sent him any thing of importance he would go halves with me on the profits. I saw by that how terribly nervous he was getting, and concluded that affairs must be even worse with him than I knew of. Nevertheless, I began to be a trifle excited myself, and though I had a sort of horror of speculation, especially of gold gambling, I commenced to look around me pretty sharply for items. Among other adventures I fell in with old Sam Gorham, of Cincinnati, one of our correspondents, and a nephew of his, a queer, awkward spoon of a fellow, and we went around sight-seeing in company.

Nothing would do for either uncle or nephew but a continual succession of cocktails, and I had to leave them in their rooms soon after dinner, somewhat the worse for wear, while I continued my search for information under difficulties.

I didn't find out any thing in particular all that night or the next forenoon, but I saw the sights pretty effectually, and about noon I went into my friends' room to stir them up. I found the nephew lolling disconsolately on a chair, and the uncle in bed with a high fever, the natural result of his foolishness the day before. The hopeful youth began the story of his tribulations by stating that he had expected his aunt there that day, but had received a letter from her saying that she had been delayed and could not come on at once.

I asked him what the doctor said about his uncle.

"Oh, the old man's right sick, and I reckon I'd better telegraph to Aunt Sally to come on right off."

On the plea of a splitting headache he begged me to send his message, and I thought I would send one at the same time to Mitraille & Co. Well, his telegram, saving the direction, read:

"Don't wait for any thing. Uncle Sam very sick indeed."

While mine was simply,

"Nothing stirring. Having a good time."

Now, how on earth those two little affairs got interchanged is a mystery to me to this day. Perhaps I did it; maybe he did it; perhaps it was done at the telegraph office; I don't know; but twisted they certainly were, and somehow both of them passed the censors. When Mitraille opened his he straightway imagined that something had gone to smash in Washington, and that I had taken a neat way of giving him a hint, and he rushed out and bought all the gold his credit would cover.

He wrote me by that mail an account of transactions whose magnitude almost turned my hair gray; and while he thanked me for my hint he begged me to be sure that my information was correct. I thought at first that he was crazy, and then I got pretty near crazy myself, thinking of what might be the consequences of the mistake. The first thing I did—this was the next day, you know—was to rush into Riggs's and ask the latest gold prices.

Guess my delight when I found them fairly jumping upward. It was wonderful! Still, I was terribly nervous, for all sorts of rumors were afloat, and I knew that gold could fall as fast as it could rise. The feeling grew on me until, pretty nearly half-demented, I went into the telegraph office at Willard's and dashed off—

"It's all a sell, and a big one."

Well, the old gentleman took that just as he had the other one, and not only sold out but went short to the full extent of his line. It was the luckiest thing in the world, for, sure enough, within forty-eight hours things did go down heels over head. I began to feel superstitious; there was something fairly uncanny about it; and I packed my kit and made fast time for New York. I did not attempt any explanation, but I steadily resisted all the old gentleman's entreaties to go on with it any further. I even managed to persuade him to close up his gold account and quit it. I had Lucille to help me in that.

The net figure was a handsome one, I tell you, and there was very little trouble about

making the other arrangements after my bank account was made up. My honored father-in-law has the blindest faith in my judgment; but I told Lucille all about it. What's more, I don't and won't speculate, and I won't do business for any firm that does. It's all a clear case of luck."

John threw the stump of his cigar into the ashes, and I pulled away at mine, wondering if there was any luck in my getting that bit of shell in my ankle.

"WHAT WAS IT?"

A TALE OF THE NORTH PACIFIC.

In the year 185– I was in command of the *Dolphin*, a fine bark of 600 tons. We had been on a whaling voyage, and had obtained an unusually good cargo of oil both in quality and quantity. With our course laid for home, the crew in good health, and a fair prospect of percentage money on the cargo, what more could we want to keep the song and the jest on the lips of the crew? Time passed quickly along. "Homeward bound" has an intensified meaning to the whaler's crew, and as we bowled along with a good breeze, each day getting nearer and nearer to our homes and firesides, there were few on the vessel who did not feel their spirits rising with each day's progress.

One night about eleven o'clock I was sitting at the upper end of my cabin table consulting a chart on which the vessel's course was laid down. I had been reading Dante's *Inferno*, and the horrible nature of the work had aroused my sensitive feelings to such an extent that I had determined to try how far a cigar and a walk on deck would steady my nerves. Just as I was about rising from my chair to go on deck I noticed a figure descending the companion-way before me. A single glance told me that it was not one of the crew. No one of my well-fed, sleek men could possibly look as miserable as this figure looked, even at the distance at which I saw him. Slowly he descended the steps, grasping the hand-rail to support himself as if he were too feeble to descend without support. His back was bent, and his head lay forward on his breast as if he was carefully watching his footsteps; his feet were bare, while his head was enveloped in a piece of old sail-cloth in place of a cap. His left arm hung down by his side carefully rolled up in his coat, which had evidently been taken off for that purpose, and the arm itself appeared to be broken. Quietly and without uttering a word he approached me, and at last he sat down at the opposite end of the table to that which was my accustomed place. He then slowly raised his head, and a sight was presented to my astonished gaze, the like of which I hope I may never see again. A fine, noble face it was; but attenuated by disease and suffering, or perhaps both. The features had been good and regular, but now the cheeks were sunken and hollow; the teeth, white and even, were firmly set together, while the thin, parched lips were drawn back from them. The eyes were as black as coal, but sunk far back into the head, and I saw that they were at once fixed on me with a dull, unmeaning stare. The figure now stood up just opposite to me, and I felt myself spell-bound to my seat without the power to address it. Having looked at me fixedly for some time, the figure then walked up to my side till it touched my shoulder. Reaching out his arm, he laid a bony finger on the chart which was on the table, and before I could muster courage to articulate, lo! he had disappeared.

Recovering my composure somewhat, I sprang with a bound up the companion-way and shouted for the mate. He speedily replied to my call, and came aft dragging something behind him which kept up a continued howling. As he came nearer to me I saw that it was my Labrador dog Caspar, and I inquired the meaning of what he was doing. "Why, Sir," he replied, "the dog lay on the companion-hatch until a few moments ago, apparently sound asleep, when all of a sudden he sprang up with a horrible howl, and ran to his kennel forward with his tail between his legs. I went forward after him, and found him in his kennel shaking with fright, and when I put my hand in to pat him he attempted to bite me. Hearing you call, I dragged him aft with me by his collar, to see if he had not been hurt in some manner, for I never saw him act so before."

I did not examine the terrified dog. I felt that he had seen my visitor as well as myself. With some difficulty I soothed him, and then went down below. Walking up to my table I cast a look down at the chart. At the exact spot where my visitor had placed his attenuated finger I saw a dull red mark, and, on a closer examination, I perceived that it was a drop of blood. The mark indicated a position on the chart which was about a day's sail from and at right angles to our course. For two hours I paced the deck wondering at what had happened. The visitor was too surely no creation of my own imagination, for the dog had seen the figure as well as myself, and the spot on the chart was plain evidence. What could it mean? I half determined to ask the mate's advice. He was a firm believer in spiritual manifestations, and would endeavor to solve the enigma in some way or other. But then I had always ridiculed his notions, and it was too galling to my pride to ask his advice now on that of which I had always denied the existence, save in a heated imagination; so I determined to keep my own counsel. Turning in soon after I slept well and awoke refreshed—determined in my own mind to say nothing and think no more about it.

When I got on deck I found that we were becalmed. Not a ripple was on the water. The day passed away monotonously enough. The crew slept. I read and smoked; and eleven o'clock that night found me in my chair at the head of the table in the cabin. Caspar, who had quite got over his fears, lay on the hatch at the head of the cabin stairs. I could hear the pat, pat of his tail as a sort of greeting to the mate as he kept passing him in his walk up and down the deck. This evening my thoughts were tranquil, for I was reading a volume of Longfellow's poems, and was in the midst of Evangeline, when I heard a howl from Caspar and the scurry of his feet as he scampered forward. Looking up I saw my visitor of the previous night again descending the companion-way. He seemed much weaker, and came slowly down, clutching the hand-rail with his one sound arm and hand. He walked across the cabin more feebly than before, and his respiration was heavy and labored when he reached the table. He glanced at the table with an anxious look as if to see whether the chart was still there. It was not. He then gazed at me with a disappointed and sorrowful stare and disappeared. I remained quietly in my chair for about ten minutes after the spectre had departed. When I went on deck I found the mate again endeavoring to soothe the dog, who snapped and snarled in his kennel until it was unsafe to approach him. Leaving him there I went below, and throwing myself, dressed as I was, on my cot, I tried to sleep. Unrefreshing and feverish was the sleep which visited me that night, and I arose in the morning totally unfit for work of any kind and with my nerves entirely unstrung. What was expected of me? For what purpose had I been warned? What must I do? Thus I mused during the entire day. Caspar kept close to his kennel all the time and steadily refused to eat or drink. Whenever any of us approached him he attempted to snap at us, and appeared as if entirely under the influence of some great fear. The calm had continued during the entire day, and we made no progress whatever. Again evening approached and the same hour found me, as on the two previous nights, sitting at my table. This time I eagerly awaited my visitor. Would the figure again appear? I found myself hoping that it would. This time I did not attempt to read, for my thoughts were too troubled to permit of my concentrating my mind on any book. The same chart, with the blood-stain on it, lay on the table before me. Would my visitor, if he came again, touch that spot, or would he give me some other sign which might indicate to me the course I ought to pursue? This time there was no Caspar to warn me, but I felt that the figure was coming even ere it appeared. Presently I saw it again coming down the stairs. This time it was evidently far weaker than before, for with difficulty could it stand, and it toiled down the steps in manifest suffering and agony. At last it reached the cabin floor and attempted to advance toward me; but no sooner had it let go the hand-rail than it sank down exhausted. I sprang up and rushed toward it; but the moment I moved the spectre vanished, and when I attempted to raise the fallen figure my hands touched the cabin floor.

And now a light seemed to break upon me. I rushed upon deck, where I found the mate and crew setting all sail to catch the breeze which had just sprung up. I immediately gave orders that the *Dolphin's* course should be altered to that which would bring us to the spot marked so plainly on the chart by the drop of blood. All that night I paced the deck. No sleep seemed possible to me until this hidden mystery should be revealed. We made a beautiful run, and with daylight I hoped to find—*What?* I knew not.

The dawn brought a disappointment. A dense fog lay on the face of the ocean. We could discern nothing at ten yards distance from the vessel's side. According to my calculations and by the log we should have been not far from that spot on the wide sea where I hoped to find a solution of the mystery. Toward noon the wind died away, and at length deserted us altogether. Then the fog slowly rose, and I at once, glass in hand, ascended the rigging. With eager gaze I scanned the horizon ahead and on both bows, but no welcome object met my eyes. Disheartened at I knew not what, I was about coming down when I chanced to look directly astern. Almost directly in our wake, but far astern of us, lay an object, which, by the aid of my glass, I made out to be an open boat. I could not discern any thing in it, and it appeared to lie like a log upon the water. The gig was soon lowered according to my orders, and a mate and a boat's crew were dispatched to inspect the boat as it lay far astern. I felt quite unequal to going myself, so agitated was I, but I had presence of mind enough to order some brandy and nourishment suitable to the sick and famished to be brought up on deck. I felt as assured that my visitor was there as if I had seen him in the boat; but whether alive or dead I dared not to speculate. Twice I had been summoned, and twice I had neglected the summons. On the third occasion my spectre visitor had sunk, to all appearance, lifeless on the floor of my cabin. Was he dead, or was he only in a death-like swoon? I thought over the wonderful incidents which had caused me to find the boat. The wind had died away when I neglected to obey the first summons, nor did it return until after I had received the third call. Had it not again died away when it did, I should have passed the boat so far in the fog as not to be able to see it when the fog lifted. As it was, we were very nearly out of sight when the horizon became clear. Half an hour's more wind and the mystery would never have been revealed. Scarce could I restrain my impatience. However, there was no help for it. I must wait until the gig returned. After hours of suspense I at last beheld the gig approaching slowly with the other boat in tow. Unable to endure the terrible suspense I went down into the cabin. Soon I heard the gig touch the ship's side and the mate giving orders to lower away the chair from the yard-arm. Then, I thought, they had found him; but he must be too feeble to climb up the ship's side. A few moments, and I heard approaching footsteps, and down the stairs was brought, with the assistance of some of the crew, my visitor for the *fourth* time; but now really and truly in the flesh. He was supported in the arms of the mate, but he held on to the hand-rail just as I had seen him in the three visions. His left arm hung loosely at his side, and was bandaged up just as I had observed on the three occasions of the spectre's visits.

We gave him proper refreshment and put him to bed. He gradually revived, and in a few days was able to tell us his story. He had been captain of a large vessel trading in the Pacific. The crew had mutinied, and had cast him adrift in the open boat, with nothing to eat but a few biscuits, which were thrown into the boat in derision by one of the mutineers. When these were eaten he had tried to eke out life by eating his shoes, and with water wrung from his clothes after rain and heavy dews he had quenched in a manner his thirst. When found by the mate he lay extended in the bottom of the boat in a death-like swoon, and owed his recovery, perhaps, chiefly to the brandy which I had sent in the gig. In a few days more we assisted him on deck. Caspar no sooner saw him than he flew at him, and but for my interference would have torn him to pieces. During the rest of the voyage we were obliged to keep the dog chained up. As soon as we perceived the boat the *Dolphin* had been put upon her former course, and now, with a fair wind, we again sped merrily on.

I now felt satisfied that omens and signs were sometimes vouchsafed to mortal men for certain grave reasons, and, though not superstitious, I still believe that they are more frequent than is usually supposed. As we neared the port for which we were bound Captain Williams (for such was the name of my visitor) was one day sitting with me in the cabin, when he asked to see the chart, as he wished to pick out the spot where I had found him. I gave him an entirely new chart, and he busied himself sharpening a pencil with which to mark the place where he had so nearly lost his life. Suddenly I heard an exclamation from him, which he followed up by saying: "My dear ——, I am very sorry; but I have cut my finger, and have dropped some blood on your new chart, and I see that I have soiled the very spot which I was going to point out as that whereabouts you found me. But," he added, in a light laugh, "that will do instead to mark the place." I have the two charts now, both of them marked exactly alike; one done by Captain Williams in the flesh accidentally; the other by— Reader, can you tell whom?

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

New York was not the only city where a terrible snow-storm put, as it were, "a great soft *brake* on the wheels of life, and made every thing stop, or go slowly" till men cut their way through it. The London journals speak of the storm which recently enveloped their city as a "terrible calamity," as a "scene of unexpected horrors." "We were paralyzed with sheer terror," remarks the *Saturday Review*. "Not the slightest attempt was made to grapple with the enemy. The snow had fallen, and London succumbed." Americans do not yield quite so easily as that. New York could not be paralyzed for three days, as London has been, by a fall of snow; though such a visitation puts a sort of damper on every thing. Yet what was said of London might have been said truthfully of *some* parts of our city. "Not a scavenger moved; not an attempt was made to clear out the gutters." Since a snow-storm may be expected every winter, can not some ingenious mind devise an expeditious way of clearing our streets? It is said that after a heavy snow-storm which recently occurred in Paris the streets were entirely cleared within twenty-four hours. Let us import from France whatever is necessary to a like prompt action, if Americans can not or will not manufacture it for themselves.

The ice obstructions have rendered ferry navigation almost impossible. Multitudes have been subjected to great inconvenience, anxiety, and suffering. On one occasion it is said that not less than five thousand persons waited for hours at Fulton Ferry for an opportunity to cross. And when at length the overladen boats did cross the possibility of accident with such an immense crowd on board, and no special provisions for safety, was fearful. The experience of the last few weeks has caused the question of a bridge from New York to Brooklyn to be agitated afresh.

The fearful condition of our streets has made short dresses a necessity to ladies. A promenade through Broadway will reveal the numerous styles which are prevailing. These short dresses are usually cut gored, and are vandyked out, shaped in battlements, or trimmed with velvet, or a plaiting. They are worn over an under-skirt of the same material, trimmed to match; or over a bright-colored Balmoral petticoat. Suits, having the dress and petticoat of the same material, either black, or of some neutral color, are most fashionable, and are in thoroughly good taste. The short dress requires very little cloth—and many ladies might find it a convenience as well as an economy to make both a long and a short skirt to their bodices; so that merely an exchange of the skirt might sometimes take the place of an entire re-arrangement of the toilet on returning from their promenades. Some of the short dresses are made fuller and longer than those just referred to, entirely covering the petticoat, but leaving the foot free for walking. Long dresses, when worn in the street, are universally looped—no lady having the temerity, in the present crisis, to attempt to sweep the sidewalks. Whether some one might not be induced to undertake it *on contract* we can not say.

A great many persons think they can not learn to sing. Some say they have "no voice," others have "no ear." We remember a good old deacon in a country church who used to say he should never know the difference, whether the choir sung "Old Hundred" or "Yankee Doodle." But times are changing—this is an age of progress; and recently it has been announced that by the "Galin Method" of teaching music every body can learn to sing. We say every body—only three classes are exceptions, it is said: 1. Those who are *deaf;* 2. Those who are *dumb;* 3. Those who are *idiots.* The "Galin Method," which has been successfully practiced in France, professes to be an efficient way of teaching large masses to read and write music readily, and to give the ability to "sing at sight," without regard to want of musical taste or culture in the learner. A course of free lectures illustrating this peculiar method is now being given at the New England Congregational Church on Monday and Thursday evenings of each week, and at the Rutger's Institute on Tuesday and Friday evenings. The audience, thus far, has been an enthusiastic one, and the lecturer, Mr. C. H. Farnham, shows himself both able and entertaining. Time alone can prove the real value of the "Galin Method."

In a recent report respecting the new Academy of Music it is officially stated that the building will be, when completed, in all respects safe and secure. This is a matter about which the public feel a deep interest, as some doubts in regard to its security were thrown out months ago. The new building is sixteen feet less in height, and does not accommodate within 1200 of the number that the old building did. It has five seven-foot doors on Fourteenth Street, four on Irving Place, and two on an open court, for egress, all of which will open outward; it has a circular staircase seventeen feet in diameter, with an iron stairs leading from the family circle, set in two feet of brick-work. In the matter of warming the building a very great improvement has been made; instead of the ten furnaces which were formerly located in the basement, under the stage, for that purpose, heat is supplied throughout the establishment by steam-pipes, supplied from a boiler placed in a vault outside the building; the gas-meters are also placed in a vault outside the building.

It does seem passing strange that as soon as a vessel or steamer has been blown up, or wrecked, or burned at sea, or has met with some disaster which involved fearful loss of life, it is suddenly revealed that it had long been wholly unseaworthy. Recent investigations disclose the fact that the steamboat *Commodore*, of the Stonington line, which was lost the latter part of December, was an old, rotten vessel, totally unfit for navigation. Is it not *somebody's* business to prevent the lives of trusting travelers from being thus recklessly exposed?

Ladies may change their minds, it is universally agreed. A lady living somewhere in New York State recently availed herself of this privilege. She became prejudiced against her husband through the influence of a lover who furnished her the money to procure a divorce and then married her. After living with her second husband a while she became convinced she had been deceived as to her first husband, and her old love returning, she eloped from her second husband, running away with her first husband.

The best female skater in Washington this winter is said to be a young lady from Saco, Maine. A young girl of fifteen, living in Minnesota, is reported to have recently skated from Minneapolis to Dayton, a distance of forty miles, in six hours.

A curious little item comes to us by private letter from Indiana. In a certain town in that State lives a man who had given his wife just cause for seeking a divorce. After a long time she, with the usual difficulties, obtained the bill of divorcement, and set up a boarding-house as a means of support. She had been in her new business only a few weeks when she received, through a friend, an application from her former husband to take *him* as a border! As she had been working for two years to get rid of boarding him she respectfully declined the application.

We learn from an exchange that the Methodist Centenary collection now reaches nearly $4,000,000. This is one of the greatest achievements of the past year, and is an argument in favor of the voluntary system of sustaining religious worship in our country, which churchmen in other lands will wonder at but can not answer.

A Boston paper gives the following useful recipe: *To cause a healthy glow to radiate through the body.*—Buy one or more tons of coal, taking care that it is a kind that will burn. Pay for it, and have it put into carts. Pay for the cartage. Distribute it to a few poor people whom you know to be generally destitute. You will find your heart become warm on the instant, and the heat will gradually expand to the extremities. This effect will be experienced more decidedly in the coldest weather.

It requires very little nowadays to make a law-case. A young lady in Wisconsin recently brought a suit for a breach of promise. On the trial she introduced several commonplace letters from the defendant to sustain her case on the ground that the letters were signed, "*Ever yours.*" How could he be *ever hers* unless he intended to marry her? was the logical conclusion of the unsophisticated damsel; but the jury, not seeing it in that light, nonsuited her.

The number of ladies' waterfalls exported from France to England last year was 11,954, with hair sufficient for 7000 more. The ladies of the United States undoubtedly appropriated about as many.

A very amusing anecdote is told of John Gibson Lockhart's college days. The young genius was always bubbling over with fun and humor, and had a marked antipathy to all forms of pretense. His tutor at Oxford assumed to be a great Hebrew scholar, and Lockhart, doubting the fact, one day handed up to his tutor a paper covered with Hebrew characters. He was complimented, and desired to persevere. The Hebrew papers accumulated, and at length the tutor, in a glow of pride, carried them to Dr. Parsons, who was really a good scholar in that abstruse branch of learning. The Doctor glanced over them, while the tutor dilated on what might in time be achieved by such an extraordinary young man. But presently a roar of laughter burst from the reader. Lockhart had written in the Hebrew character, but in the English language, a series of good-natured lampoons upon his tutor, for each of which, as he handed it in, he had received the public thanks of the person lampooned.

A pretty good story is told in connection with a Connecticut clergyman who was reproving an old Indian for his cruel and revengeful conduct toward them that had offended him. "You should love your enemies," observed the parson, "and preserve an affection for those that hurt you."

"I do love my enemies," retorted the son of nature, "and have a great affection for them that hurt me."

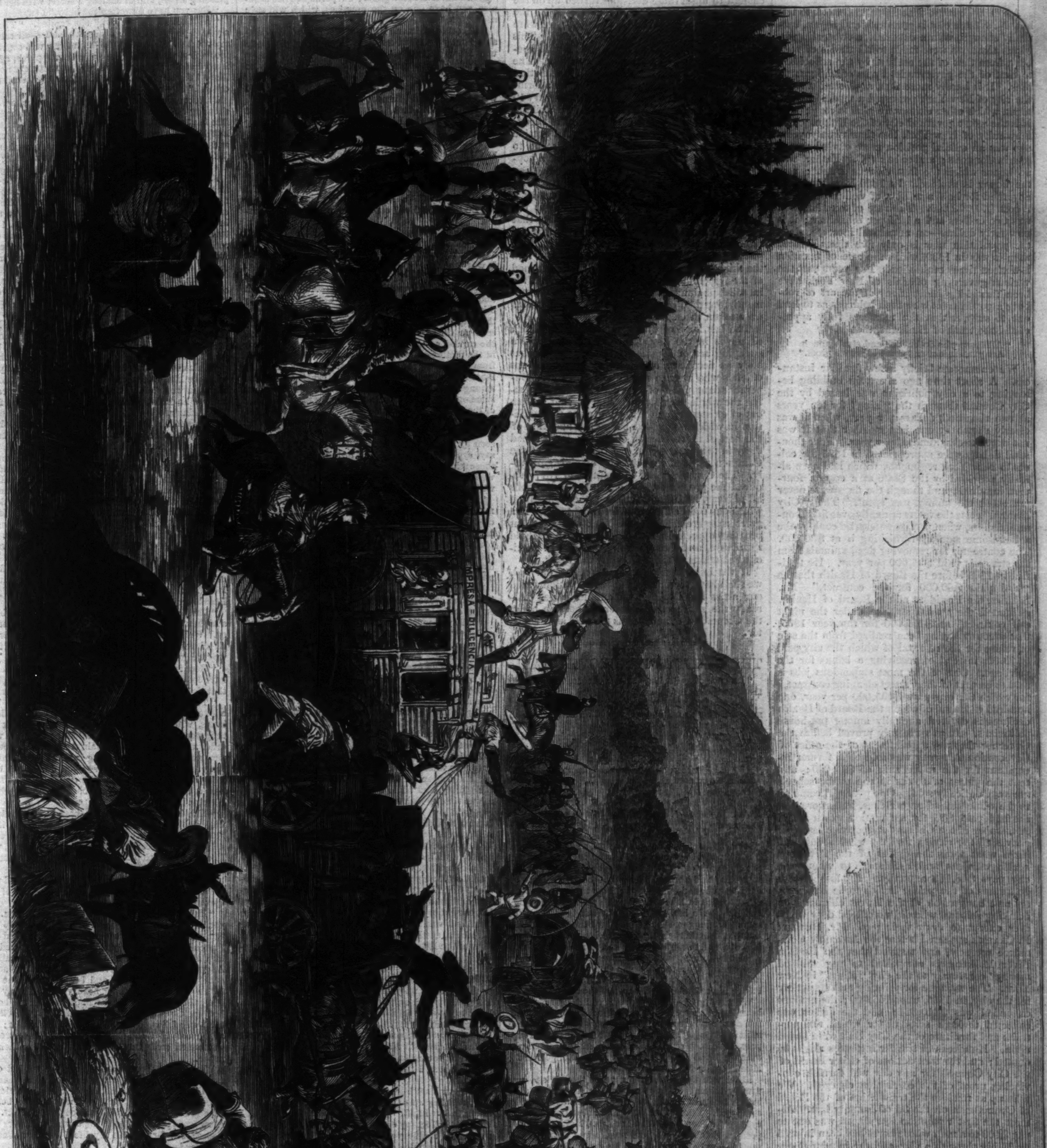
"No such thing," returned the clergyman, "you don't love your enemies."

"I do."

"Who are the enemies you love?"

"Rum and cider!"

A CHANCE TO STEAL WITHOUT THE RISK OF THE PENITENTIARY
THE GOVERNMENT OF THE CITY OF NEW YORK.
FIGHT
STEAL
THE STEAL RING
WHAT THAT 'ERE "HONORABLE BODY" WILL COME TO.



DIFFICULT TRAVELING FROM VERA CRUZ TO MEXICO.—[See Page 94.]

HOW NEW YORK IS MISGOVERNED.

An essayist some time since undertook to tell how New York city is governed, and began, naturally enough, with a dissertation on stealing, in which allusions were made to all grades of robbery, from that of the orchard by the school-boy to that of the government by its official guardians. It is hardly more than a generation since the city of New York possessed a model government, which other cities were glad to copy; now it is the worst governed city of the Union. The mayoralty of New York less than twenty years ago was an official position more envied than a seat in Congress; and to be a "City Father" was an honor which the first citizens sought; now the honor is avoided. In 1830 New York was governed for half a million of dollars; in 1865 it cost $40,000,000. The rate of taxation then was two dollars and a half per inhabitant; it is now forty dollars—an unnatural increase, since the population now is only five times greater than it was in 1830, while the rate of taxation is sixteen times multiplied. For years past the various governing officials of New York have been furnishing illustrations of the art of robbing a government with such boldness as to lead one to suspect that the members fully appreciated the truth of Hudibras, that

> "All those who do but rob and steal enough
> Are punishment and court of justice proof."

We enumerate briefly a few familiar instances. A short time ago a certain building belonging to a city politician was leased by the City Council through the "Ring" for ten years at two thousand dollars per year, when it was clearly shown by one just member that it was not worth twelve hundred per year. Four thousand dollars were appropriated in 1865 for colors to New York regiments, which had been already provided by the State at a cost of fourteen hundred; and though the flags were never presented the money was spent. The "City Manual" costs the voters annually over fifty thousand dollars, when private enterprise could make a handsome sum by furnishing it at $30,000. The contractor for removing dead animals from the streets is paid $25,000 per year. He testified in 1866 before the Board of Health that he "had paid $60,000 for the contract." Mr. Schultz, the President of the Board of Health, estimated the "total swindle under the night soil contract" at $111,000 for the year 1865, that amount having been realized from the sale of refuse for the removal of which the city paid $21,000, instead of receiving a bonus for the privilege. One of the most stupendous jobs is said to be that of the "street cleaning contract," for which the city pays $495,000 per year, one hundred thousand of which the Board of Health declares is divided annually among pot-house politicians. It was recently proved before the Governor that the appointment of the office of Corporation Attorney was sold to a former incumbent for the round sum of $10,000; and that the places of tutors in the public schools are systematically sold. One poor girl came on to the witness-stand on crutches, and swore that she had paid $75 for a situation worth $300. A member of the Citizens' Association last year canvassed the city to find the whereabouts and learn what were the duties of the forty-four health wardens and assistants, to whom the city pays $48,180 annually. He found these guardians of the public health to be bar-keepers and hangers-on of the lowest character of drinking saloons, who did no official duty whatever except to draw their pay. Mr. Horace F. Clarke appeared before the Assembly Committee recently, and testified that the Hudson River Railroad is compelled to pay "blood money" constantly to the city "Rings" in New York. The estimate for printing and stationery for the city, in 1865, was $145,000; the amount expended was $310,324; and the deficit was collected through suits under which the portraits and furniture of the City Hall were levied upon. Hundreds of similar instances might be quoted; and the transactions of either Board of the City Council for any day will furnish convincing proof of the corruption charged. We take up at random the transaction of the Board of Councilmen on the 3d of January last. Almost the first resolution introduced was one to pay $400 to a man whose horse had been injured by falling through a pier, and the inquiry of one of the three or four honest Councilmen, as to the value of the horse, was treated with derisive contempt. A resolution coming from the Board of Aldermen, by which the clerks and attachés of the Common Council were given the sum of $250 each for "extra services," was next passed. Then a resolution was adopted, giving to those members of the Board who were likewise Commissioners of the sinking fund, $1000 each, on the same pretext of extra services. It was also voted to pay the Presidents of the two branches of the Common Council $500 each for extra services as members of the Board of Health. It is a literal fact that the passage of these resolutions, every one of which, with the possible exception of the first, was in direct, open violation of the statute, constituted almost the entire business transacted by the Board on that day.

The same writer from whom we have quoted, continuing his sketch, has strayed a second time from his subject, and describes these official leeches as possessing the countenances of bullies and the manners of ruffians. It was reserved for the present Common Council to fully justify this description by its shameful conduct. A short time since the "Ring" which misrules us became divided—the members fell out, and the milennium for honest citizens was for a short time expected to momentarily dawn. The caucus arrangements which always precede the organization of the Common Council had miscarried. Although those who take part in these caucus meetings are formally sworn on the Bible to abide by the decision there come to, a dissenting party strong enough to upset those decisions turned up on the day of organization, and the nominees for the offices of President and Clerk of the Board were set aside by the open vote of the Council. This untoward state of affairs occasioned a mild species of row on the first day of meeting. The rival factions swore at and cursed each other quite vigorously, but not exactly in such a formal way as to be properly reported. On January 10 things developed themselves in a more striking manner. The defeated party refused to recognize the President as duly elected. An outside sympathizing crowd appeared on the scene to back up the *loyal* caucus men, and to put a popular veto upon the appointments made in open Council. And in less than a trice the row commenced. An attack upon the President by a disappointed member, with an inkstand as the weapon of assault, brought to light the fact that the President himself was not unprepared for the fray. That dignitary instantly produced his pistols; the crowd rushed over the barriers into the thick of the struggle; the police, forewarned of the impending conflict, presented themselves in solid phalanx, and before any blood worth mentioning had been shed the chief combatants were taken in custody.

The last hope of every respectable New York citizen is in the Legislature at Albany; and a sweeping act of legislation is urged upon that body as necessary to relieve us of the corrupt officials who at once rob and disgrace us. Superabundant proof of the necessity for legislating the whole corrupt body and corrupt system out of existence, and returning us to the condition in which we existed before the abolition of the household restriction on voting, is furnished daily in the practices of the two Boards of the Common Council and the city officials generally. The Constitutional Convention of 1847 produced the present evils by admitting to the polls all citizens, native and foreign; the Convention which has been called to meet this year can in a great measure relieve New York of its present peculiar oppression by restoring the household restriction, and thus confining suffrage in municipal elections to those who pay the taxes.

If the Legislature does not come to our aid, we shall have soon arrived at the condition which our artist has depicted on another page. Already the satire on "that 'ere honorable body, the Common Council," is as truthful as it is bitter.

THE GHOST AT BEECHOVER HALL.

"I have no hesitation, Captain Arden, in asserting that you are an infidel and a heretic."

Miss Dampier preferred this grave charge against me solely because I had expressed an utter disbelief in spiritual manifestations.

The attack was made in the long drawing-room at Beechover Hall, where a large party were gathered round the old-fashioned fire-place; and never did the "jolly dogs" which supported the blazing wood grin upon a pleasanter circle—at least, I thought so; but perhaps my opinion may not be considered unbiased when I say that I should have found the society in an Irish cabin or an Esquimaux hut just as agreeable, so long as the fire-light was reflected in Ethel Dampier's eyes.

My brother officer, Jack Beresford, and myself were, I believe, the only members of the party who could not claim ties of kindred with either Sir Harry or Lady Dampier; and both of us were earnestly desirous of enrolling our names among their connections, for Jack was as much in love with Laura as I was with Ethel Dampier. We had both lost our hearts at the same time. We happened to be on guard the day the Miss Dampiers made their first courtesies to her gracious Majesty, and of all the young and fair *débutantes* who passed before us, we agreed that not one could bear comparison with the sisters. Our verdict was soon indorsed by public opinion, for they left St. James's Palace the acknowledged belles of the season.

We were not long before we were introduced to the beauties, nor were opportunities lacking for becoming intimate, as there were few evenings that we did not meet at some gay *réunion*. Our attentions must, I suppose, have been remarkable, for before the season was over we found ourselves tacitly acknowledged as the Miss Dampiers' cavaliers.

Ethel was the eldest by a year, though she was usually taken for the younger, her sister's style of beauty being of a statelier order and her manner more composed. Ethel was all life and animation, and her eyes spoke even more than her lips. Her hair, of that peculiar shade called by our neighbors "*brun cendré*," seemed a very burden to her, for great rolls were constantly slipping out at wrong places, and bringing blushes to her cheeks as she tried to push the rebels back. Her figure was perfect, though small, and every movement had a nameless grace of its own.

Laura was taller, and her presence more commanding; her hair and eyes, too, were darker. By many she was thought the handsomest: but she wanted that provoking fascination which Ethel possessed—at least, I thought so; probably Jack was of a different opinion.

The "season" for both of us was unusually pleasant, and passed more quickly than ever; but the regret that came with its close was mitigated by an invitation to Beechover, Sir Harry's country place. The invitation pleased us all the more because it seemed to indicate that Sir Harry did not disapprove of our attentions to his daughters, and that the young ladies had no particular aversion to their admirers. In London our intercourse had not gone further than the limits of flirtation, and neither of us felt sure that it would ever be permitted to outstep those bounds. We had plenty of time to canvass the question, as Sir Harry was sent to Vichy, and a round of visits had to be got through after his return before we could be received at Beechover.

This was the state of affairs when we found ourselves at Christmas under the same roof with the objects of our affections.

Shouts of laughter, of course, hailed Miss Dampier's attack upon my incredulity.

"Did you ever see a ghost, Miss Dampier?" I retorted.

"I am thankful to say," she answered, "that I can believe without seeing; but as you are not gifted with the same amount of faith, I only hope you may be convinced by ocular demonstration."

"There is nothing I should like better," I replied. "Let us advertise for a ghost; but perhaps, Miss Dampier, you have one on the premises, which will save us the trouble?"

"Of course we have. Did you ever hear of a respectable family that had not? It is only your nobodies who are ghostless."

"I should have said that it was your *no bodies* who are ghosts."

"For shame, Captain Arden! I did not think you would condescend to a pun, and such a one!"

"I will try and blush, if you will only tell us all about this family ghost. I hope it is a female, and young and pretty, if I am to make its acquaintance."

"I shall not waste my breath upon an unbeliever; you would only laugh at me and my story."

"Give me the chance, Miss Dampier. Think what a triumph it would be if you were to convert me. I promise to do my best to believe. Indeed I will if I can. So, pray tell us all about your ghost."

"Do tell us, Ethel," echoed a chorus of pretty cousins.

After a little more pressing Miss Dampier complied with our request, and told her tale so well, that I should only spoil it by attempting to repeat its words. It was the stereotyped ghost story. There were rustling silks heard in the corridors; the wearer was deadly pale, and was dressed in a Court costume (why is it that ghosts are always dressed for Court?). The only thing which gave this ghost any individuality was, that though her silks were often heard, she was only seen on Christmas-eve, and that on those occasions she carried a baby in her arms to the centre window in the picture-gallery, and, after a succession of cries from the infant, returned without it. This evidently hinted at a murder, and caused great excitement among the audience, which became intense when some one remarked that the following night was that of the annual infanticide.

Miss Dampier's tale was only the first of a series. Every one has really a true history to relate of a ghost, seen by a friend or a friend's friend, but, strange to say, eye-witnesses are never forthcoming. Some of those related that night were very thrilling, and seemed well-authenticated; but as they have nothing to do with our story, they are not repeated here.

They would have gone on all night, I believe, had not Lady Dampier at length made a move, and carried off the young ladies. I accompanied them to the foot of the stairs, and thought I had never looked upon a prettier group than our hostess in her mature beauty, surrounded by her fair relations, among whom her daughters shone out as the moon "inter stellas minores."

We men remained behind, and a smoke in the billiard-room drove the subject of our evening's conversation entirely from my mind.

"Will you meet me in half an hour in the picture-gallery?" said Miss Dampier, after breakfast next morning. "I have something very particular to talk to you about. I will bring the battle-doors and shuttle-cocks as an excuse for a *tête-à-tête*."

I need not say how gladly I promised to meet Miss Dampier at the appointed hour and place. To be taken into her confidence upon a matter however slight was a step in the right direction: there was no knowing what might come of a private interview; a word might fall or a glance be given which might serve as a clew to the feelings of her heart.

The intervening half hour was spent in vain conjectures as to what could be the purport of Miss Dampier's communication. At its expiration I made my way to the gallery, and while waiting for Miss Dampier had ample time to look around me. The gallery was very long and low, running the whole length of the house. It was lighted by fifteen oriel bay-windows, upon which were various coats of arms in colored glass. The space between the windows and the whole of the opposite wall, except where doors led into the principal bedrooms, was entirely concealed by family portraits, so closely packed together that it was impossible to discover the color of the wall. The chief portion of the mansion had been refurnished of late years, but the gallery evidently had not been touched since the day it was first fitted up—probably in the time of Elizabeth, as the ground-plan of the house took the form of the letter E, a compliment often paid by architects to the Maiden Queen. Many of the portraits and some stands of arms were of an earlier date than the Elizabethan period, so that the present house was probably built upon the remains of one still older. The gallery had an ancient savor, which carried me back to by-gone days—and Wardour Street, and my thoughts took a practical turn as I calculated what a large sum of money the antiquities around me would fetch at Christies'. After making the tour of the room, and endeavoring to trace a likeness to Ethel among her ancestors, I turned into one of the bays and took a seat.

"I know I am late, Captain Arden," said Miss Dampier, running up to my resting-place with the battle-doors in her hand; "but you must excuse me, as I could not effect my escape before from the drawing-room. Of course you are burning to know what I have to communicate. Talk of woman's curiosity—it is nothing to man's. Take a battle-door, and I will let you into my secret. I have got a capital idea in my head, and I want your help to carry it out. You remember, perhaps, that this is the ghost's night? Well, I mean to play the ghost! Won't it be fun to frighten them all out of their senses? I only wish I did not require your protection, for I should have enjoyed seeing you shaking with terror; but I really am afraid to come into the gallery by myself, and this night above all nights in the year."

I looked my thanks, but before I had time to express them in words, she continued:

"I know I could have asked one of the girls to accompany me, but if there was any cause for alarm, she would be sure to faint or run away. Now I think, Captain Arden, you would stay and protect me, wouldn't you?"

"Protect you, Eth—Miss Dampier, I mean! I would protect you with my life—against all comers, ghosts included!"

"Don't be rash! but listen to my plans. Up stairs there is an old wardrobe filled with costumes worn by our great-grandmothers. I have taken the key off the housekeeper's bunch, and intend this afternoon to abstract a dress of the stiffest silk I can find; one that will rustle well. I think I remember a blue silk that will suit exactly. I shall powder my face and look very ghastly, and when all have retired for the night I will join you here. Is it not a glorious idea? Every one will be on the *qui vive* to-night, and the first rustle of my silk will be sure to be heard."

I agreed that the idea was capital, and laughed with her at the thought of the terror which her ghost-like appearance would inspire, my conscience all the while telling me that I was wrong to encourage a practical joke, which might be followed by bad effects. But how could I give up the sweet pleasure of pleasing Ethel, and of sharing a secret with her?

"But you have forgotten the baby," I suggested.

"No, indeed, I have not," she replied. "There is a young puppy in the stables, which I shall carry to my room; an old doll's dress and cap will convert it into a first-rate infant; and a judicious pinch, administered at the right moment, will extract a cry not unlike a baby's. Every one will be too frightened to be critical."

Business concluded, we commenced our game. For showing off a woman's gracefulness there is nothing like battle-door and shuttle-cock. I had never known half Ethel's beauty till I saw her, with arm extended and cheek flushed, springing now here, now there, in the excitement of the game, every curve seeming doubly graceful, every movement doubly fascinating.

Fatigued at last, after keeping up the shuttle-cock some incredible number of times, she sunk upon a neighboring sofa, panting and out of breath. The enemy is exhausted, thought I; now is the time to go in and win. And, taking a seat by her side, I ventured a preliminary remark of rather a romantic character; but before I had time to make any further advances Ethel had taken fright, and was on her feet again.

"I don't think you have been introduced to my ancestors, have you, Captain Arden?" she asked at once. "As a military man you might perhaps like to become acquainted with some of the fighting Dampiers.

"This suit of armor belonged to one Roger de Dampier; it is dented with arrows shot at Agincourt. Can't you stand straight, Mr. Roger? One would think your knees were shaking with fear of the French.

"This dandy, with long hanging sleeves and pointed shoes like elongated beet-roots, is not the sort of man you would think likely to stick to a losing cause; and yet he followed Margaret of Anjou till he fell at Tewkesbury.

"This is his wife, the lady with the heart-shaped head-dress and a Lancastrian rose at her breast. Poor woman, that rose had thorns for her!

"There is their son, who fled over seas, and returned with Richmond to die on Bosworth Field.

"The inscription over the back-ground of this picture proclaims that cluster of tents to be the field of the cloth of gold, so I suppose this gay gentleman with the jeweled cap and feathers was one of Henry's party to Calais. They were longer in crossing the Channel, I expect, than we were the other day.

"Here is good Queen Bess herself. You can not mistake her red hair and starched ruff. She looks rather worn after her journey to the Loan Exhibition at South Kensington, where she found her auburn locks all the fashion. The old lady passed a night at Beechover on one of her pleasure-trips.

"This is her host, Sir Jasper Dampier. His bill for a night's board and lodging was paid with a baronetcy. Well, I have known higher titles given for less. At all events there is nothing to be ashamed of in the way we gained our red hand.

"Here is a sailor, a comrade of Raleigh's. He must have found it rather difficult to dance the hornpipe in that tight body and those puffed-out knickerbockers.

"This is evidently a Dundreary of the period. What a lovely dress! gray satin and cherry color. His top-boots, with their deep fall of point-lace, look as if they were expressly made to catch the water. I would order a pair like them, Captain Arden; they would be very suitable for the hunting-field. You Guardsmen are great swells, but they say you don't fight badly. Philip Dampier was not in the Guards, but he fought like a Guardsman in every battle from Edgehill to Naseby.

"This is supposed to be the ghost, but no one knows who she is; certainly not Philip Dampier's wife, for he died a bachelor. I shall never be able to dress my hair with those cork-screw curls unless I cut it, which I have no intention of doing; in all other respects my make-up will be perfect.

"This gay young man, with long embroidered waistcoat and stockings with gold clocks, was one of Marlborough's colonels.

"But this is the ladies' pet, Captain Arden. Did you ever see such melting eyes? He gave up every thing to follow the fortunes of Charles Edward—'the Pretender' I dare say you call him; conquered with him at Prestonpans, and died for him at Culloden. And now I think you have had enough of me and my ancestors, so *au revoir*," and before I had time to utter a word the provoking beauty was half-way down the gallery, leaving me discomfited before a bevy of hoop-petticoated, stacked-up haired, very *décolleté* ladies, who followed me with their ogling smiles; while a crowd of pig-tailed, shoe-buckled, and knee-breeched gentlemen cocked not only their eyes but their hats at me.

We did not meet again alone; the subject of our morning's conversation was not, therefore, renewed; but though there was no verbal communication, our eyes kept telegraphing. There was a secret between us, and I wonder that no one discovered the fact. The snow was falling fast, and kept us all prisoners to the house; but for once in my life I did not abuse the weather.

The afternoon passed quickly in the billiard-room, where the ladies joined us in a game of pool, and grew excited over penny lives. The evening was devoted to games in which the younger portion of the party could participate, and a noisy game of blindman's-buff brought the amusements to a close.

By half past twelve the house was still; and at a quarter to one, having put on a pair of noiseless slippers, I made my way to the picture-gallery. There was no need of a candle to find the way for the moon was shining brightly; in the gallery it was almost as light as day. There were no curtains to the windows, and the moonlight, rendered more powerful by the reflection from the snow, photographed every line upon the polished floor, even reproducing in colors the armorial bearings on the glass.

It was the beau-ideal of a scene in which a ghost might play a part; the very smell of the room had something supernatural about it, and to an imaginative mind many of the pictures on the wall might have appeared possessed with life as the branches of ivy which dangled over the windows cast moving shadows across their faces.

The clock struck one, and Ethel had not arrived. I began to think she had taken fright at meeting the Lady in Blue. I seated myself in the window where I had promised to wait her arrival, and whiled away the minutes in looking at the wintry landscape. Beneath me lay a broad terrace, divided by stone balustrades from the garden, which was on a lower level. At intervals on the coping of the balustrades were urns wreathed about with creepers, whose branches, shorn of leaves, might well have been taken for a tangle of snakes. On either side the broad steps into the garden strange animals stood on their hind-legs and held up shields bearing the Dampier arms; and in the gar-

den below yew-trees clipped to resemble fanciful monsters added to the weirdness of the scene. I was beginning to feel drowsy with the cold, and in a half-sleepy state was peopling the garden and the gallery with the old Dampiers whose acquaintance I had made in the morning, when Ethel's voice close to my ear startled me from my reverie.

"Asleep, and on duty, Captain Arden? I must report you to your colonel; but I suppose it is my fault for keeping you waiting in the cold. Am not I a first-rate ghost? I was quite terrified at looking at myself in the glass. I really believe I should frighten the ghost herself."

There was a tremor in her voice which betrayed agitation. I saw that she shivered slightly as she seated herself in the bay-window; all the animation which had glistened in her eye in the morning at the prospect of her midnight walk had vanished, and the smile with which she asked what I thought of her "get up" was only a counterfeit. She was not a girl to give up an enterprise once entered upon, but it was evident that she was frightened at what she had undertaken. I knew her too well to think of recommending her to abandon her project, so I did my best to remove her nervousness by ignoring it, and by talking in a cheerful strain.

The costume was of course perfect, not being an imitation but a real antique. It consisted of a robe of blue silk brocaded with bouquets of flowers in their natural colors, the skirt was opened in the front to display a petticoat of yellow satin stiff with gold embroidery, and round the neck and sleeves hung a profusion of old point-lace. It could hardly have been possible to make a closer copy of the dress in the portrait.

We talked in whispers for a few minutes; for Ethel seemed to wish to have an excuse for not starting on her expedition immediately. I had no desire to hurry her, but could have sat there all night joyfully, forgetting altogether the object of our meeting in the happiness of gazing into her eyes and feeling her breath upon my cheek. At last, however, she declared it was too cold for sitting, and proposed starting on her walk. Taking the puppy in her arms, with a laugh she stepped into the gallery, and left me with a caution not to lose sight of her. She walked slowly up the room, and slowly down again; but although her silks rustled loudly, no doors were opened, no noise was heard. She returned to her old seat in the bay to arrange, she said, her baby before making it cry on her next turn; but really to regain her breath, which had been lost through fright. I tried to cheer her again in whispers, but with no result; her spirits were quite gone—gone past recall. I stood leaning against the wall, with my face to the window, my back to the room, my eyes wandering now over the moonlit landscape, now over Ethel's form. A sudden impulse caused me to lean back and look down the gallery—why, I can not tell, unless some sound almost inaudible may have reached my ear. To my amazement I thought I saw a figure at the farthest end of the room—whether man or woman I could not tell—I only saw that something moved. It approached very slowly, and at last came full into the moonlight—it was a woman! Though a long way off, I could see that she was dressed like Ethel, in an ancient costume, and I could see that she carried something in her arms—something white. It was the real ghost and her infant! There could be no doubt of it. I could see her now more distinctly, for she had advanced as far as the second window. This was a Roland for an Oliver with a vengeance! I did not feel nervous, but awe-struck. I believed at once in spiritual manifestations. On it came, gliding slowly with an almost imperceptible motion, pausing constantly and looking back; it had reached the fifth window, the rustling of the silk was growing quite audible. I wondered that Ethel did not catch the sound; what was I to do? Was I to tell her? she must hear the sound before long. My brain was in a whirl. I had heard of the terrible effects of sudden frights—of people turning gray in a single night; nay, even of becoming raving mad. God knows I would have died to save my darling from such a fate; I was helpless, powerless; I felt like one in a nightmare—the danger was approaching, but I was spell-bound; like the poor rabbit I was fascinated, though the serpent's fangs were close upon me. The ghost was now at the seventh window; it stood still for a second, and then disappeared in the bay. Thank Heaven! now I might be able to persuade Ethel to leave the gallery; but how to do it was the question. I was just going to take her up in my arms and rush with her from the gallery when the ghost emerged again and stood full in the moonshine. Too late! Too late! She had now reached the eighth window; she stopped again and disappeared in the recess. There are fifteen windows, thought I, then the eighth must be the centre; we shall hear the baby's cry in a minute; Ethel *must* hear that. I was distracted—in despair. The ghost was again in the moonlight, she had put off the murder for a time; the rustling became more distinct. I was in an agony, half-maddened; my face must have betrayed my emotion, for Ethel jumped from her seat.

"What is the matter, Harry?" she cried; "are you ill? your face is so strange."

It was too late—I could not save her! She pushed past me and stood face to face with the ghost, who was now only four windows distant. Uttering a piercing shriek, she cried—

"Harry!—dear Harry, save me!" and fell fainting into my arms.

"Help!—help!" I called; but before the words were past my lips another cry rung through the gallery.

Was it the echo? No! it was in a different key to Ethel's. I looked up and saw the ghost upon the floor—fainting, too! In a second more Jack's strong arms were supporting the inanimate form. He, like myself, had been concealed in one of the bay-windows.

My eyes were opened: my disbelief in ghosts returned stronger than ever. The ghost was not a ghost after all, but flesh and blood. The ghost was Laura Dampier! And now the rival ghosts were fainting each with terror at the other—each fully believing that the other was the Lady in Blue, who haunted the picture-gallery.

The two successive shrieks had more effect than the rustling of the rival silks. Bolts begun to unbolt, locks to unlock, and doors to open, displaying startled faces. Eyes scarcely open from their first sleep peered into the gallery, and drowsy voices asked what was the matter? Women's cries, muffled by the bed-clothes, sounded from some chambers: "The ghost!—the ghost!" echoed wildly from others.

"Water!" I cried.

"Salts!" called Jack.

Sir Harry seemed the only practical man in the house, for in a second he was with us holding a water-jug in his hand, which I seized and sprinkled Ethel's face with its contents, and then passed it on to my friend, who performed the same operation upon her sister.

"What is the meaning of all this?" asked their father. "I insist on an explanation, Captain Beresford—Captain Arden! Answer me at once: who are these masqueraders?"

"Your daughters, Sir. They have both fainted! Help us to bring them round, and all shall be explained to your satisfaction."

We were now the centre of a crowd, carrying bed-room candles, who had plucked up courage to leave their rooms. Salts and sal-volatile poured in on all sides. There were plenty of volunteers to rub the young ladies' hands, and plenty more to suggest impracticable remedies. The old-fashioned remedies, however, salts and cold water, soon did their work.

"Where am I?" whispered Laura, while a deep sigh heralded Ethel's return to consciousness.

They looked round inquiringly, and both seemed bewildered at the circle of faces which hemmed them in. At last the eyes of the sisters met! For an instant they scanned each other curiously, and then a look of relief appeared upon both countenances.

"Were you the ghost?" they cried, simultaneously. And a feeble laugh from each proclaimed that they were satisfied. The laugh was contagious and became general.

Had I not been so anxious about Ethel's recovery I should have found it very hard to control my laughter within moderate bounds when I first glanced round the group of by-standers. The costume for the dressing-room is seldom becoming, but when that costume is huddled on without any regard to appearance the effect may be imagined better than described. It would be impossible to describe the *déshabillés* that appeared in the gallery that night. There were wraps of all sorts, shawls of all colors, cloaks of all shapes, night-caps of all patterns, forming a *tout-ensemble* truly grotesque.

We four, who felt ourselves to be properly equipped at all points, could afford to laugh at the ridiculous figures cut by our friends, and we *did* laugh; and as Ethel and Laura regained their strength their merriment became louder and longer. The rest, of course, could not refrain from laughing at each other, but they could not laugh with a will as we could. We had decidedly the best of it; but there was one mouth that did not relax even into a smile. Sir Harry's anger was in no whit appeased, and he called again for an explanation of this unseemly disturbance.

"Don't be angry, dear papa," pleaded Ethel; "we have been foolish, very foolish, but we have been punished enough for our folly. It appears that the same idea struck Laura and myself; we both thought it would be fun to play the ghost, and frighten you all out of your senses. The tables have been turned; instead of terrifying you we have half killed each other with fright. I was afraid that I might meet the real ghost, and accordingly I asked Captain Arden to be present. I suppose Laura invited Captain Beresford for the same reason. There, papa, you have the whole truth; but, really, if you wish me to preserve my gravity you must put your night-cap straight; it does give you such a comical look."

Sir Harry did not join in Ethel's laugh; on the contrary, he looked very glum. But at this stage of the proceedings an event occurred providentially which restored him to good-humor. Ethel's baby, who had been sleeping soundly, suddenly awoke and quietly walked off, barking violently. The noise aroused Laura's infant, who sprang off her lap, and mewing piteously, hurried away as fast as her robes would permit. This was too much even for Sir Harry; he joined in the universal shout of laughter, and afterward kissed and forgave his daughters.

Lady Dampier followed his example, and then carried off the rival ghosts, recommending at the same time every one to return at once to their warm beds, lest a third, and a real ghost, should make her appearance and cause another disturbance.

We all took the hint, and left the gallery to silence and the moon. I went to bed; but think you that I slept? No, not a wink. Ethel's exclamation as she fell into my arms kept ringing in my ears like an endless chime, very sweet and very musical. The fright had been my friend, and had saved me some anxiety and trouble. "She loves me—yes, she loves me," I whispered to myself, as I tossed about; and the chime became a wedding peal.

I took an early opportunity of reminding Ethel of the expression that had involuntarily fallen from her lips, and of begging her to repeat it.

I need only add that on coercion she did repeat it.

Whether Jack had the same reason for thanking the catastrophe in the picture-gallery I can not say. I only know that before the next season arrived Laura and Ethel Dampier were the wives of Jack Beresford and Harry Arden.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

MATRIMONY—A bouquet of thorns with an occasional flower.

What to do with the National Debt—Leave it a Loan.

Man's life's a vapor,
And full of woes;
He cuts a caper,
And down he goes!

OUR OLD BACHELOR'S LATEST.—Ladies wear corsets from instinct—a natural love of being squeezed.

THE MISER'S PARADISE.—The Guinea Coast.

When is the best time to read the Book of Nature?—when Autumn *turns* the *leaves*.

WINTER.

How lovely is the virgin snow
That clothes the lofty mountain's top,
While in the silent vale below
The frozen streams and fountains stop.

Frost's tracings, see, the window shows—
How beautiful each view on it!
But not so lovely is my nose
When frost paints coats of blue on it.

How fair the scene, with mantle white
And snow-wreathed roofs and trees in it!
But I don't think I'm called on, quite,
To walk up to my knees in it.

FAT GIRLS.

A lady of the teaching sort advertises thus:

SCHOLASTIC.—Mrs. PILGRIM, Cornwall House, Longlazyham, finding her Boarders so much increased, will REMOVE at Christmas to Nelson House. Diet unlimited.

A DISGUSTING FEAT.—The man who bolted the door with a boiled carrot has paid the penalty of his gluttony. He is suffering from internal hinge-eries.

ECCENTRICITIES OF AUTHORS.

Bulwer rit "Night and Mornin." What he did the rest ov the day is not staited.

Collins rit "After Dark." Praps he coodn't rite so well bi day.

Le Fanu, he rit "All in the Dark." I don't see how he did it without a lite. How cood he dot the i's or kross the t's.

Sum orthor rote "Bound tu the Wheel." What an unkumfortable posish tu rite in bound tu a wheel! Thunder!

Carpenter rit "Six Months at the White House." I spose that was as long as he stade there, his time bein out.

Gilmor rote "Four Years in the Saddle," so tis sed. He must hev hed a "quiet horse."

Sum orthor rote "All for the Best." That must hev ben Seward. That's him klean throo.

Miss Mulock rote "Nothin New." This cood be sed ov menny others with grate propriety.

Harrington rit "Inside." I take it for granted that most peeple do. It woodn't be kumfortable ritein on the sidewalk in rainy wether.

Sum orthor, heo didn't give us his name, rote "Altogether Wrong." A good menny hez copied from his stile, but hev hed the effruntry tu give us thair names, bein lost tu shame.

Mrs. Mackenzie Daniel rote "After Long Years." Sensible woman. If sum ov the rest ov em wood wait till tha git too the age of diskretion, it wood be better for awl konserned.

A CUTE MISER.—A gentleman called on a rich miser and found him at the table endeavoring to catch a fly. Presently he succeeded in entrapping one, which he immediately put into the sugar-bowl and shut down the cover. The gentleman asked for an explanation of this singular sport. "I'll tell you," replied the miser, a triumphant grin overspreading his countenance as he spoke, "I want to ascertain if the servants steal the sugar."

CRIBBAGE.

BY ONE WHO HAS CRACKED A CRIB BEFORE NOW.

This is a game for two. Choose the party, and have a turn-up. Give him one for his nob to prevent a sequence. Take a deal—as much as you can get, in fact. Then go. As you are the knave, peg two for your heels. Cut, and begin again.

Coleridge was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It isn't handsome, Coleridge," said Lamb; "but it has the advantage of you in one thing." "What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as every body knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

Two ears, and but a single tongue,
By Nature's laws to man belong;
The lesson she would teach is clear,
"Repeat but half of what you hear."

LEGAL NOTE, BY MRS. BRIEFLESS.—Spring Circuits—Crinolines.

Tacitus says: "In the early ages man lived a life of innocence and simplicity." Upon this a critic remarks: "When was this period of innocence? The first man who was born into the world killed the second! When did the time of simplicity begin?"

RIDDLES.

BY TWO SIMPLETONS.

Simple Simon wishes to know—

Why a story handed down from generation to generation is like the thing on which the butler carries up the luncheon, and at the same time like every thing on it?

S. S. supplies the solution: Because it is tray-dish-an'-all. [The word which S. S. means is, therefore, *traditional*: so we've guessed it.]

Simple Solomon sends this:

My first is one of several exclamations,
'Tis also used for gardening operations:
Of it the slave is oft a holder,
A negro will carry it on his shoulder.
My second is what I will not do
About my whole, my friend, to you.
My whole is where I think I'll stop,
And so I will: so let it drop.

We have guessed it. The word of course is—*Ho-tel.*

Latest and Bestest.—If you saw the Great Khan of Tartary laughing fit to kill himself, why might you be sure that he wasn't a Tartar?—Because he would evidently be *A Merry Khan.*

A MARVELOUS WOMAN.

A Lincolnshire paper apprises us that

A THOROUGHLY DOMESTICATED CHRISTIAN lady is requiring a re-engagement as Housekeeper where one or more servants are kept. *She was* 11 *years in one position*, and has been accustomed to children. Good references. Address X.

THE READY RECKONER—Money down.

An absent-minded professor in going out of the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed: "I beg your pardon, Madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the streets; in sudden recollection of his former mishap he called out, "Is that you again, you brute?"

Why are oysters good for dyspeptics?—Because they die jest (digest) before they are eaten.

WINGLETS

FROM OUR "CORRESPONDENT ON-THE-WING."

SHYCAWGO, ILLINOIS, *Jan.* 21, 1867.

DEAR WEEKLY,—You see I have written the name of the city that gave birth to the Crosby Opera-House Lottery, the Big Tunnel, and other underground arrangements, according to the aristocratic pronunciation used out here, which I learned by associating with some of the first families who were here

PRACTICING DRAWING

at the Crosby Art Association and Wheel of Fortune. I may add, however, that some of the first families came out last: and the family of an agriculturist, whose wife does not wear a waterfall, and who had heretofore been reckoned among the last families, came out first, and has been made even greater than MOHAMMED, in that he had never been to an Opera-House until an Opera-House came to him.

I, in order to make sure of not getting the building, the owning of which I had learned had ruined Mr. CROSBY, bought my ticket late; indeed I believe it was the last ticket bought. Nevertheless, I determined to be out here, in case I should draw it—to superintend the delivery of it to me in person.

When I arrived I found a regular bank panic, occasioned by the snow-banks refusing to break, although run upon by locomotives and other contrivances heavily; neither would they liquidate, on account of the continued spell of cold weather. Another feature surprised me; I was amazed at the immense snows on the Face of Nature.

The wheels that were to contain the numbers and the prizes were placed in the room on Saturday, consequently many of us had the advantage of practicing drawing lucky numbers before the day of trial, had we been so minded; but our honor prevented any attempts of the kind.

I once at home dreamed of

DRAWING THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE,

but awakened in the morning to find it was an unfinished drawing for one of the "Winglets" that had disturbed my rest: and I am persuaded that if I ever draw a prize it will be with my pencil.

When the drawing in the Hall commenced we all considered the large paintings, valued at thousands of dollars, as nothing so long as that Mordecai of an Opera-House lay hid away in the wheel. Even ticket 199,999, held by your own C. O. W., and which was awarded the splendid painting of

STILL LIFE,

by a native Chicago artist, excited no envy. But after a while ticket 58,600 came to light, and with it the Opera-House. This proved two things: that the lucky ticket was not among the "unsold," as Mr. CROSBY might hope; and that I bought my ticket 141,399 too late. When it was announced who had drawn the prize

THE GENTLEMAN WHO WON THE OPERA-HOUSE

walked up to the platform to receive it, as I believe he had very ill-conceived notions of what an Opera-House was. After the "House" was disposed of the Committee pulled out the prizes by the handful, and threw them about with a lavish hand, reserving to Mr. CROSBY, however, some choice paintings, under the plea of "unsold," which I believe he was, and which could not be said of many others.

For fear the sudden good fortune that had just befallen the gentleman from the country might work his ruin, as fortunes are said to do, I addressed him a tender note from my hotel, asking him what he intended doing with the Opera-House, now he had it, and cautioning him against sharpers who would try and get hold of his money; also recommended him to buy my painting of "Still Life," valued by the Committee at 5000 dollars. Next morning I received from him the following note:

BULL'S HEAD.

ZUR,—Me and the old woman and the children is goin to move to Chicago ef we kin git rid of Sukey at an advantidge, as she's a good milker. i wood put her agin eny cow in the county and after that we don't know what weal do, unless i cood git a pardner to furnish sum capital and start a grocery bisiness and rent the up stairs to the pork-packers, as some fellers at our tavern sed it wood be a bully place fur that bisiness, and they mite buy your pictur for a sign, but i dont want eny picturs. i will not sell it till i hev tried the grocery bisiness, as me and the old woman and Adaline, that's my grown up dorter, hev alway had a hankerin after a store and Adaline sez keep dry goods and trimmins

Yourn till deth. ABNER H. BEET.

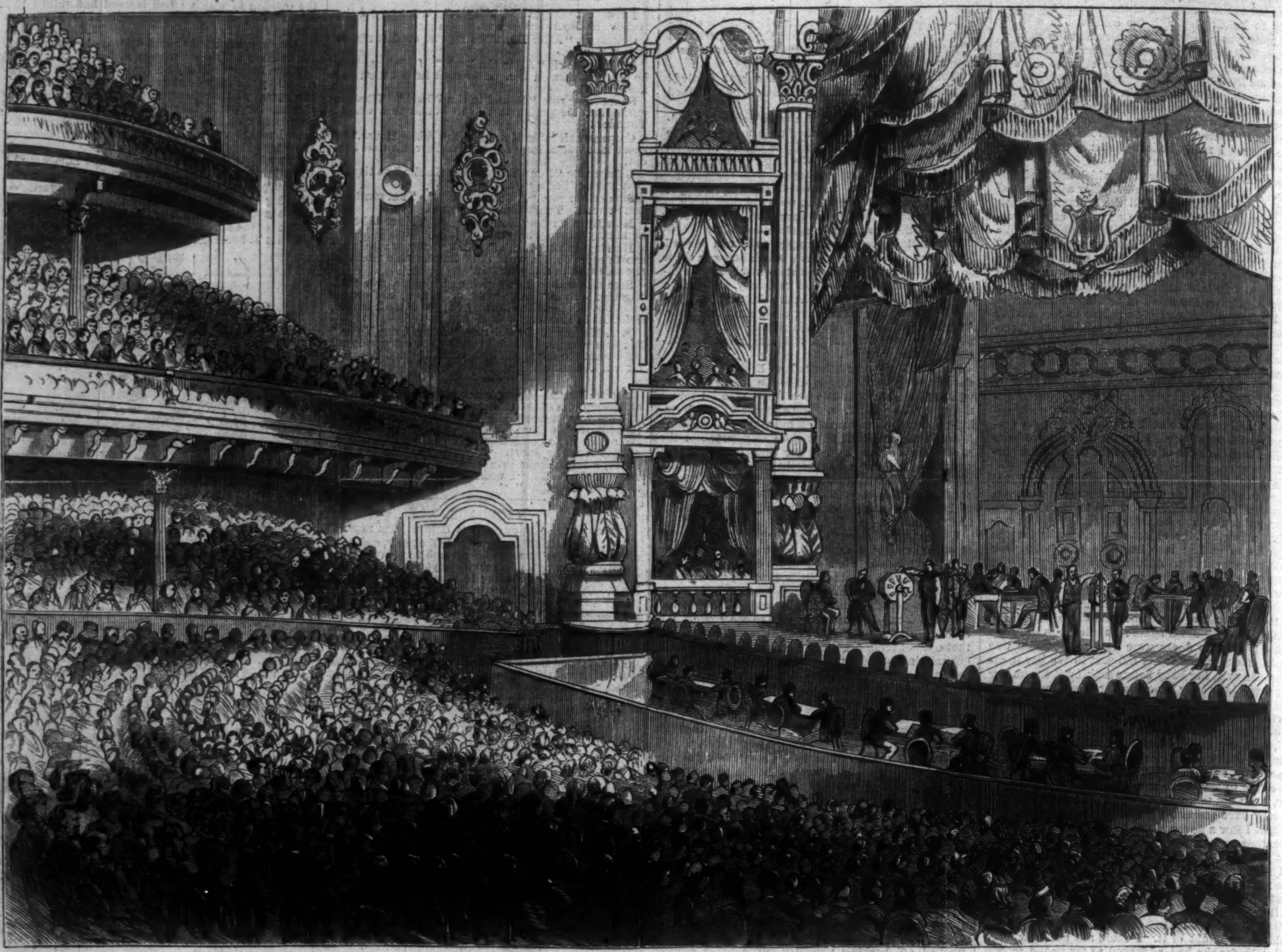
N.B. i'm no johnson man.

After receiving this letter I felt that there was no more for me to do in this city, and

LEAVING MY PICTURE AT A FRIEND'S,

I determined to return home. I did not realize as much for my "Still Life" as the Committee had led me to expect, from their printed catalogue, so that I am forced to buy a second-class railroad ticket for my return trip. The Opera season is now over out here.

Your own C. O. W.



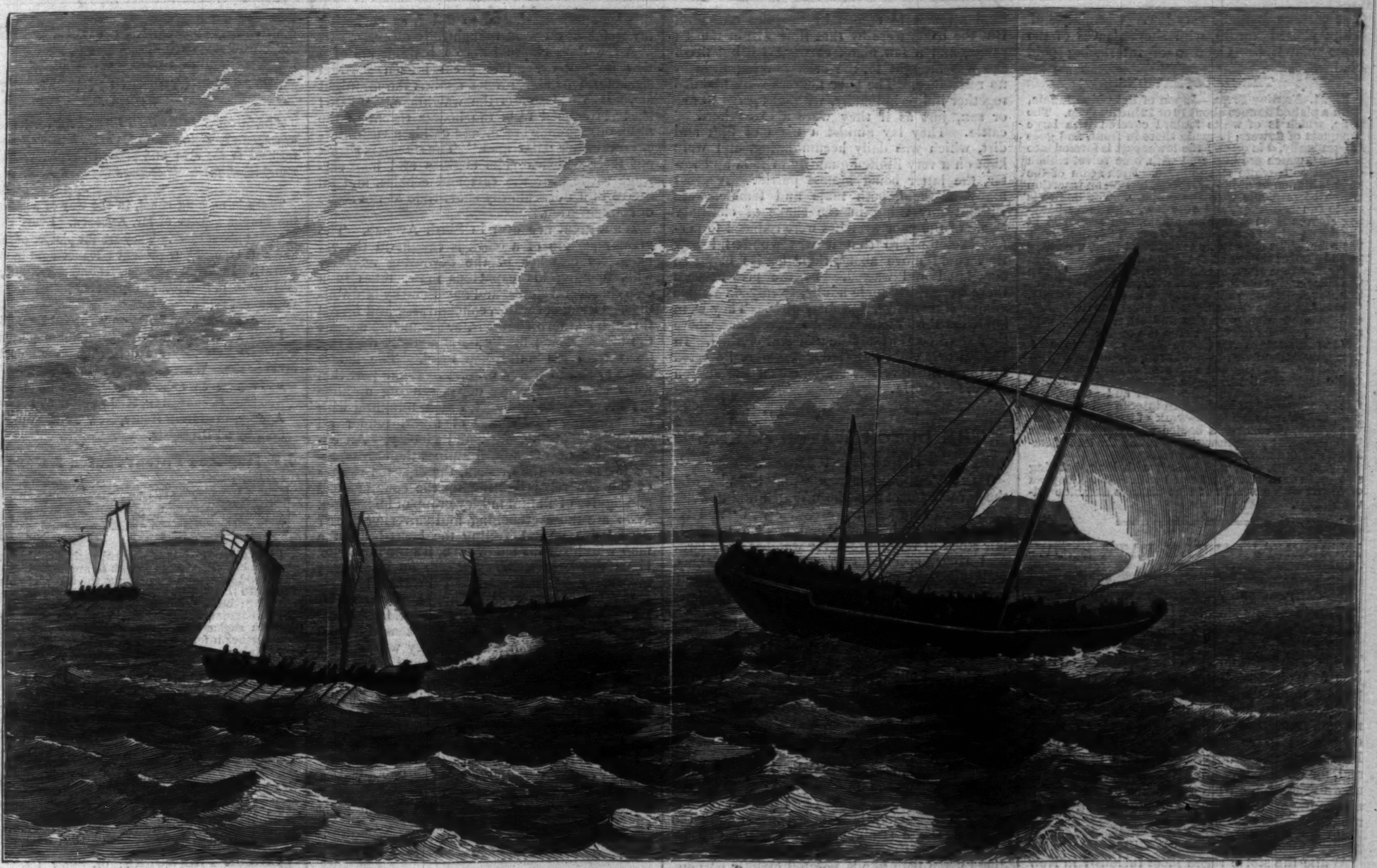
DRAWING PRIZES IN THE CROSBY OPERA-HOUSE LOTTERY.—[SKETCHED BY THEODORE R. DAVIS.]

THE CHICAGO OPERA-HOUSE LOTTERY.

WE present on this page a sketch of the drawing of the Crosby Opera-House Art Association at Chicago, Illinois, on January 21. The large building was densely packed with an excited and enthusiastic throng, and Washington Street was blocked up with people. Order was only preserved by a strong police force posted on either side the main entrance and along the stairways. The parquet, orchestra chairs, balcony, boxes, and family circle, were filled with the crowd, which included many ladies. The stage was occupied by the Committee, and the orchestra by the reporters. At 12 o'clock the Committee appeared on the stage with boxes containing the tickets.

The numbered tickets were then deposited in the large wheel, and those upon which the names

THE SNOW-STORM—CROWDING IN OUT OF THE COLD.—SKETCHED BY C. W. CRANE.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



CAPTURE OF AN ARABIAN SLAVER OFF THE COAST OF MADAGASCAR.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

of the prizes were engraved in the small wheel. When it was completed both wheels were tightly closed and revolved for five minutes for the purpose of thoroughly mixing the tickets.

Before the drawing commenced it was announced that there were between twenty and thirty thousand tickets unsold, which belonged to Mr. CROSBY. Mr. PULSIFER, of Boston, was designated to draw from the small wheel, and Mr. T. C. DORR, of Chicago, from the large one. These gentlemen then took off their coats, bared their arms, and went to work, as shown in our sketch.

The latest information concerning the chief prizes is that the Opera-House was drawn by A. H. LEE, of Prairie du Rocher, Illinois; one or two valuable paintings were drawn by others; but the more valuable ones of the "Yosemite Valley," "An American Autumn," etc., were found to have fallen to the lucky Mr. CROSBY. Mr. LEE subsequently sold his ticket for $200,000. The balance-sheet of Mr. CROSBY shows that his total profit on the speculation amounts to $650,000.

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY.

BROCADED silk dresses appear to be in favor; but they have not yet come into general wear. For walking-dresses the robe *en fourreau*, shaped into some fantastic form at the base, with a different-colored jupon either plaited or elaborately ornamented at the bottom, is as much in favor as ever. Ball-dresses are usually made with an upper and under jupe, the one being much shorter than the other, and generally of a different material. The corsage *à la Grecque* is of white satin, trimmed with narrow lace at the top and at the edges of the sleeves, which are very short. Over the satin jupe are worn two other jupes or different lengths of white tulle. Ball-dresses, too, are of white muslin, embroidered with small flowers in stripes, and with wreaths of similar flowers running round the lower part of the upper and under jupes. They are also of white tarletan, with a lace veil which hangs from the coiffure falling over the robe behind, and are generally worn with a scarf of rose-colored satin ribbon, ornamented with a fringe of white beads, which is fastened at the waist behind with a large bow.

An elegant evening-dress has the jupe made of white satin, bordered with an orange-colored silk cord, with three broad ruches of orange ribbon running up each seam. Over this jupe is worn a robe of orange-colored velvet, short in front, open at each side, and terminating *à la queue*, and having long hanging sleeves, lined with white satin and finished with silk tassels,

PARIS FASHIONS FOR JANUARY, 1867.

The corsage is made very low. Chemisette of white plaited muslin, with short sleeves of the same material. Coiffure of interlacing gold chains.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1. *Evening Dress.*—Jupon of light-blue taffeta, with a plaited flounce about 10 or 12 inches deep. The robe, which is of white foulard covered with large bouquets of flowers, is made short in front, and goes off gradually, *à la queue*; the lower part is formed into scallops, which are bordered with blue velvet ribbon covered with white silk guipure. Each seam of the robe is hidden by a similar ribbon, having an insertion which corresponds with the guipure. The bodice is made square-shaped, and very low, with loose hanging sleeves lined with blue taffeta, and scalloped at the edges, which are trimmed to match the bottom of the robe. The chemisette is in puffed tulle, with long puffed sleeves tightened at the wrists.

Fig. 2.—Jupe of warm gray taffeta, ornamented down the sides and at the lower part with *guirlands* of leaves in blue velvet. Blue silk corded girdle round the waist. Corsage in white foulard. Blue velvet Zonave jacket, embroidered with gray silk and silver thread, with small silver bells running round the edges.

Fig. 3. *Ball-dress aux Quatre Saisons.*—The jupe of pale gray foulard, or of velvet even, spotted over with snow-flakes and trimmed with swansdown. Tunic of white taffeta, cut into small scallops at the bottom, and ornamented with vine-leaves and grapes. A fringe, composed of ears of corn intermixed with poppies, hangs from the trellis-work of gold-colored velvet, which, worn over a bodice of green silk, forms the corsage. Spring flowers run round the lace chemisette and ornament the coiffure.

Fig. 4. Robe, vest, and jacket, with long, hanging sleeves, in dark velvet, trimmed with sable. Chapeau of velvet, with a wreath of blue feathers and blue velvet strings.

INCIDENTS OF THE LATE SNOW-STORMS.

CARTING SNOW FROM THE STREETS.

THE late snow-storms have almost blockaded the streets of New York, many of them being filled with snow to a depth of four or five feet. The contractors who have the removing of rubbish from the streets were appalled at this unexpected accumulation, and made no effort to remove it. The railroad companies, in order to resume travel, were compelled to cart the snow from the streets through which ran their lines. Finally, private enterprise came to the rescue, and, for several days after the storm, such scenes as we represent on page 85 were to be seen in all the important avenues and business streets of the city.

CROWDING IN OUT OF THE COLD.

While the storm raged most furiously in New York, many persons who had unwisely ventured out, or were caught by it in the streets, were driven to seek shelter in the public bar-rooms and police station-houses. Our illustration represents groups of these unfortunates seeking safety by "crowding out of the cold" into one of the numerous low doggeries of the city. The number of respectable persons applying for lodgings at the down-town police-stations has never been so great as it is this winter. At the stations in Oak and Beekman streets an average of fifty persons have applied nightly for several weeks past, while there are but poor accommodations for six or eight. The crowd is especially great in this part of the city, for the reason that so many men are looking for employment in the stores and along the wharves.

OPENING ROADS IN THE COUNTRY.

Reports from all parts of the country represent that numbers of persons have been lost in the snow-drifts which have obstructed the roads. Superhuman efforts have been made by the farmers of the country to reopen their obstructed roads. We present on page 85 an illustration of the mode of doing this with the improvised snow-plows of the farmers.

TRAVELING BETWEEN VERA CRUZ AND MEXICO.

VERA CRUZ, the principal Atlantic sea-port of the Empire or Republic of Mexico—for we really do not know at this moment whether the reign of the Emperor Maximilian has terminated or not—is about 200 miles distant from Mexico, the capital city. Of the railway by which these two places are to be connected but a short piece at each end of the line has yet been constructed. The traffic is immense; and the mule-wagons, heavily laden with all sorts of merchandise, are sometimes delayed a month on the road, sticking helplessly in the mud, where the mules frequently perish. Our sketch represents a scene as witnessed in the neighborhood of Rio Frio, a place infamous for highway robberies and murders. The Emperor Napoleon has once more declared that he will positively recall the French army from Mexico by the 1st of March. Looking at the wretched state of this road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, the most important commercial thoroughfare in the whole country, it occurs to us that the French occupation, which has continued five years, does not seem to have effected much for the civilization and improvement of Mexico. The ancient Romans, commanded by the Cæsar of whom the French Emperor and historian is such an ardent admirer and able biographer, would have made a good road before they had been in possession of the country a twelvemonth.

CAPTURE OF A SLAVER.

ON September 3, 1866, the British ship *Lyra*, while cruising off the coast of Madagascar, captured a slave dhow off Cape St. Andrew, which had just arrived from the coast of Africa with a cargo of 176 slaves, making, with her crew of 23 Arabs, a total of nearly 200 souls on board. The boats sighted her early in the morning, when there was scarcely any wind, so that they were enabled to reach her after a heavy pull of two hours and a half. As they approached the wind began to freshen, and the dhow made a final attempt to escape by running on shore. But the boats were by that time within musket range, and a few blank cartridges being fired, she was brought to, the crew making little or no resistance. The poor negroes were huddled together indiscriminately, without regard to age or sex, just as if they were a great herd of cattle. They lay amidst a mass of filth and dirt, which was daily accumulating, and were kept on a very limited quantity of food and water, the latter being almost putrid. A great many of them, both male and female, were without any thing in the shape of clothing. Some of the poor wretches were reduced to perfect skeletons, so that it was wonderful how they could move about, their bodies being so emaciated and wasted. In the present case there were thirty male adults, twenty-six female adults, eighty boys, and forty girls. They were landed at Port Victoria, Mahé, Seychelles, where they were comfortably housed and clothed. In 1866 nearly eight hundred slaves were liberated by the British vessels stationed off the station of Port Victoria.

THE DUTCH WATCH-MAKER.

AN ADVERTISEMENT.

HANS VONDERBEST was "and is," else why the advertisement? in the "Watch and Jewelry line." Not an extensive dealer was "and is" Hans; though he had "and has" a tolerably fair stock of very large silver watches, very large seal rings, spectacles of various adaptations, walking-sticks of all lengths, a clock or two of the genuine imported, and hundreds of *Jerome* time-keepers ticking away in all sorts of grotesque cases: little Atlas fellows, with great world-clocks on their shoulders; aldermanic chaps with little clocks in their great stomachs; clocks to go any number of days without winding up, "warranted;" clocks that do not go unless constantly wound up, not warranted; clocks with big faces like Hans's, and also like the full moon; and clocks of pigmy size, "not bigger than an agate stone."

There was one great dial in the single front window, a paragon of exactness; and all the people in the neighborhood had a pious veneration for it. They breakfasted when both the hands made a straight line down through its face, dividing the great sphere into hemispheres; dined when both hands pointed exactly perpendicular; supped when the same hands pointed out the morning division line; and went to bed when the hands quartered at IX (9), making the old time-keeper look like a great pie with a school-boy's slice out of it.

Hans was a good fellow, and if the smell of cabbage *did* continually abide with him, and if tobacco smoke *was* "and is" his habitual atmosphere, you could not help liking the "Dutch watch-maker." He would set your watch for you, clean it off nicely with a chamois, tell you the history of its manufacturer, try a pair of spectacles on your nose, and offer you a *puff* out of a meerschaum colored by his great-grandfather—all for nothing, wishing you a good-day as you left with as satisfied an expression as if you had purchased half his stock. Ah! we all did "and do" love Hans Vonderbest.

And then *Mrs.* Vonderbest, and the graduating row of little Vonderbests, who slyly opened the door which led from the shop into the little back kitchen, peering forth with their great, round eyes, every time a customer entered—*that* was worth the price of a watch-key any day.

It's astonishing how many watch-keys Hans did "and does" sell. "I shall zell you dat key by de single piece just de same as from de grossen prices," Hans would say; then you would get a "key as was a key, ay, and with a *rivet* through the barrel," for six cents. Tiffany now charges ten; consequently you will have to pay your extra four cents there, and not get half as good a key, or have half such interesting surroundings.

"Will you divide this for me?" asks a pretty girl, holding out a new gold dollar.

"Wid great pleasure," naturally enough replies our German, who always was, "and is," polite and accommodating to all customers; so he pulled out the money-drawer and produced a variety of silver coin—there *was* silver coin at that time.

"Not changed! Oh no, Sir!"—and the girl appeared positively frightened—"only cut in two; two halves, if you please, Mr. Vonderbest."

Hans appears puzzled—puts on his goggles to see if the coin is a counterfeit—finding it all right, looks inquiringly. The girl looks up into his great Dutch face, and blushingly, yet confidently, says: "Charley is going to the war, and I wish to give him a keepsake."

Hans had a heart a little softer than the cold chisel which he held, consequently quickly and rightly guessed that *one* half of that dollar was to be nestled away in the girl's bosom, while its fellow-half would be nearer Charley's heart than the patriotic breast-plate. So he cuts the dollar neatly into halves, wraps each piece carefully up in pink tissue, and puts them into a bran-new paper box.

"How much am I to pay, Mr. Vonderbest?"

"Not one zent," was the reply. The good, kind-hearted fellow was going to add, "My dear;" but there was something in the girl's face which restrained even this well-intentioned familiarity.

"Oh, thank you! Charley is coming to buy a watch of you before he goes away; and I know you will sell him a good one."

So she tripped away half-crying, half-smiling, like a dewy morning flower as it opens its petals after the first enlivening sun-ray.

Hans, too, had been a soldier—not a volunteer, however. He brushed away a tear with his great, honest hand, and so did I, as pocketing my watch-key I went thoughtfully away.

A few days elapse before I bethink me of a new watch-key. The great brazen sentinel sends forth its alarm notes against the midnight air. "Fire!" shouts the watchman. "Fire! fire!" is echoed from the hoarse throat of the fireman. Men, women, and children rush hither and thither "like mad." The steamers shriek out their whistle. The engines and hose carriage rattle over the russ and cobbles, and all arrive in a miraculously short time at the scene of conflagration.

It's a great fire over in Sixth Avenue. The greater portion of a block is caught in the remorseless clutches of the devouring monster, who, opening his capacious maw, takes in a church, several stores, and any quantity of dwellings. Oceans of water, concentrated and forced through leathern channels, are launched against the monster, and finally he is actually drowned away from his unfinished meal. The flames cease to roll in heavy volumes. Some partition walls come thundering down, sending up huge masses of smoke and dust, which, mingling with the lowering dew-clouds of night, render all around Egypt-like, dark and gloomy. An occasional burst of flame illumines the uncompromising faces of the firemen, the dejected visages of the sufferers; lighting up the countenances and figures of all that motley group of lookers-on. Who are those crouching and shivering there? As I am a mortal, feeling the heart-beat of a man who loves his fellow-men, it's the family of Hans Vonderbest. *Burned out*; no insurance; not even a watch-key left. Poor Hans!

"What did he do?" Why, Hans was a philosopher, and, like the rest of his solid, practical nation—our very best adopted citizens—did the next best thing, *enlisted*. Charley was not the only patriot who returned at the head of his regiment at the end of the war, receiving the plaudits of the neighborhood over in Sixth Avenue where the fire had been. Hans has a new store now; and if you are ever over on the Avenue, near a certain frame-work bell-tower, don't fail to call on *Colonel* Hans Vonderbest, the very best place in the great city to divide a dollar, buy a watch, eye-glass, or walking-stick, or to see a plain Dutch watch-maker, whose heart, like his great clock, is always right.

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We could readily fill several columns of our paper in detailing the symptoms attending the presence of worms, and occupy the same amoant of space in pointing out their disastrous results to health and life unless dislodged. Suffice it to say that among the symptoms we find *prominently* the following: picking the nose; offensive breath; coated tongue; grinding the teeth in sleep; perverted appetite; headache; vertigo; dilated pupils; spasmodic movements of the Eyelids; temporary blindness and deafness, &c. Among the certain results are a chain of established ills, confirmed ill health, convulsions—death.

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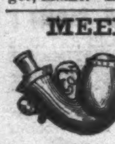

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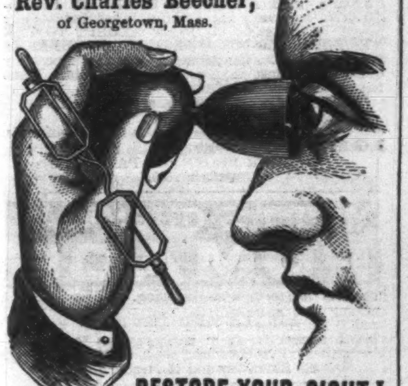

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575 Broadway, New York.

READ!

WEST WINFIELD, Herkimer Co., N. Y., *July* 2, 1866.—DEAR SIR: The Instrument which I purchased from you a short time since is giving entire satisfaction, and I believe it will effect a radical cure, as I am nearly cured now. When I sent for your Pile Instrument I was confined to my bed with the Piles. (This was the 21st of last April.) After I had used it for two days I was able to work in my shop, and have not lost a day since. I have been afflicted with the Piles more than 12 years, and I feel as though I can recommend your Instrument as the only reliable remedy for the speedy cure of Piles. Yours truly, NATHANIEL TOMPKINS.

171 WATER STREET, GREENPOINT, N. Y., *Aug.* 29, 1865.

This is to certify that I have used Dr. Gilbert's Pile Instrument and Lubricating Balm for external and itching Piles of long standing, and am perfectly cured. I also recommended the Instrument to a friend at Islip, L. I., and he said he never had any thing do him as much good in his life, and he has suffered for years. If any body wants to know more about it, refer them to me at my office on Newtown Creek, near the Bridge, Greenpoint. ABRAHAM MYERS.

34 SOUTH NINTH STREET, WILLIAMSBURG, *December* 11, 1866.

J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—For fifteen years I have been more or less troubled with the Piles, and for past five years I have been unfit for any business. At three different times the Piles protruded so much that I had to call in a doctor and force them back. It was during one of these attacks I was handed an advertisement of Dr. Gilbert's Patent Pile Instrument. I procured one, and used it every morning for three weeks; it helped me so much I felt I was cured. I still use it, and I go to my business every day, which I have not done in several years. Yours, &c., J. W. CORWIN.

It has entirely cured my folks after they had given up all hope. They had been troubled over eight years, and are now entirely well. All thanks to your valuable remedy. If the above is of any use to you it can be used at your discretion. Believe me, &c., WM. E. CHAPIN, Chapin, Bromell & Co., 8 Spruce St., N. Y.

CINCINNATI, *November* 1, 1866.—MR. J. B. ROMAINE: DEAR SIR,—The relief which I have already experienced from the use of your Instrument is a great blessing to one who has suffered about forty years with this dreadful disease. Respectfully, GRIFFIN TAYLOR, M.D.

THIRTY-FOURTH STREET FERRY, NEW YORK, *April* 20, 1866.

DR. GILBERT,—After suffering with the Itching Piles for more than fifteen years, I have been entirely cured by using your Instrument and Balm less than two weeks. Truly yours, BENJAMIN DEMILT, Ferry Master.

DE CAMP HOSPITAL, N.Y.H., DAVID'S ISLAND, *Sept.* 18, 1865.—I can cheerfully recommend its use from the results of the cases tested that came under my observation. Yours, LEWIS GRAVES, A. A. Surgeon, U.S.A.

Please call and examine hundreds of other convincing Testimonials.

The GREAT AMERICAN TEA COMPANY.
ALWAYS A WHOLESALE ESTABLISHMENT.

We have many inquiries (10 to 20 letters a day) asking what discount we make to the Trade from our prices as published in the Price List. These are our *lowest wholesale prices.* We consider ourselves only a Wholesale Corporation, and we have but *one price.*

The way in which we came to break packages at all was, that during the high prices of Teas we furnished parties with packages as small as five pounds. Our fame spread far and wide; and parties with small means thought it very hard to be compelled to pay, elsewhere, about a *dollar* per pound more than we were selling the same goods for, simply because they could not afford to buy five pounds of us at one time. Therefore, in order to lighten these burdens, we consented to supply their wants in quantities as small as one pound at the wholesale prices.

Parties of small means wishing for goods to sell can have their orders put up in small packages to suit their trade, but we can not make any reduction in price, as our profits for the last six years have not averaged more than *two cents per pound.*

To give our readers an idea of the profits which have been made in the Tea trade, we will start with the American houses, leaving out of the account entirely the profits of the Chinese factors.

1st. The American House in China or Japan makes large profits on their sales or shipments—and some of the richest retired merchants in this country have made their immense fortunes through their houses in China.

2d. The Banker makes large profits upon the foreign exchange used in the purchase of Teas.

3d. The Importer makes a profit of 30 to 50 per cent. in many cases.

4th. On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1000 to 2000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

5th. The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

6th. The Wholesale Tea Dealer sells it to the Wholesale Grocer in lots to suit his trade, at a profit of about 10 per cent.

7th. The Wholesale Grocer sells it to the Retail Dealer at a profit of 15 to 25 per cent.

8th. The Retailer sells it to the Consumer for ALL THE PROFIT HE CAN GET.

When you have added to these *eight* profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than small dealers.

We propose to do away with all these various profits and brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, with the exception of a small commission paid for purchasing to our correspondents in China and Japan, one cartage, and a small profit to ourselves—which, on our large sales, will amply pay us.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom-House stores to our warehouses.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show. All goods sold are warranted to give satisfaction.

Price-List.

YOUNG HYSON (green), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
GREEN TEAS, 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
MIXED (black and green), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
JAPAN, $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ℔ lb.
OOLONG (black), 70c., 80c., 90c., best $1 ℔ lb.
IMPERIAL (green), best $1 25 ℔ lb.
ENGLISH BREAKFAST (black), 80c., 90c., $1, $1 10, best $1 20 ℔ lb.
GUNPOWDER (green), $1 25, best $1 50 ℔ lb.

Club Orders.

WALLSBURG, ERIE COUNTY, PA.

To the Great American Tea Company, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, New York:

GENTLEMEN,—The package of Tea I ordered last came safe to hand. All are well pleased with the last as well as the first package of Tea that we received. The expressage is about 3 cents per pound, so we think we save about 75 cents per pound on the kind of Tea we get. I herewith send you another order, which you will please send by the American Express Company to my address. LUTHER CHAPIN.

2 lbs. Imperial	W. K. Black	at $1 25	$2 50
1 lb. Coffee	W. K. Black	at 40	40
1 lb. Coffee	W. K. Black	at 35	35
4 lbs. Young Hyson	L. Wilcox	at 1 25	5 00
3 lbs. Young Hyson	Lorin D. Hall	at 1 25	3 75
2 lbs. Young Hyson	R. Smith	at 1 25	2 50
2 lbs. Best Imperial	Oscar Sears	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	E. Wellington	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb. Young Hyson	J. Hubbard	at 1 25	1 25
2 lbs. Imperial	J. Young	at 1 25	2 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	B. Chapin	at 1 25	5 00
Carried up			$30 75

Brought up			$30 75
4 lbs. Gunpowder	B. Chapin	at 1 50	6 00
3 lbs. Imperial	Mrs. E. Inman	at 1 25	3 75
3 lbs. Imperial	Henry Inman	at 1 25	3 75
1 lb. Imperial	George Harris	at 1 25	1 25
4 lbs. Young Hyson	A. N. Wood	at 1 00	4 00
2 lbs. Imperial	A. N. Wood	at 1 25	2 50
1 lb. Uncolored Japan	Luther Chapin	at 1 25	1 25
6 lbs. Young Hyson	E. Bradley	at 1 25	7 50
4 lbs. Young Hyson	Charles Inman	at 1 25	5 00
4 lbs. Young Hyson	S. Inman	at 1 25	5 00
1 lb. Mixed Tea	Bell Hitchcock	at 1 00	1 00
Total			$71 75

P.S.—All towns, villages, or manufactories, where a large number of men are engaged, by *clubbing* together, can reduce the cost of their Teas and Coffees about one-third by sending directly to the

Great American Tea Company,
31 and 33 VESEY STREET, CORNER OF CHURCH. Post-Office Box No. 5643, New York City.

☞ We call special notice to the fact that *our* Vesey Street Store is at Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street—*large double store.*

Parties looking for our store will please bear in mind that ours is a *large double store, Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, corner of Church Street.* This is an important fact to be remembered, as there are many other Tea Stores in Vesey Street.

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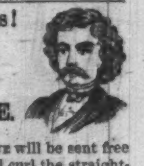

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